Swannick

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Hymn Book

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HYMNS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

PUBLISHED BY THE

General Synod of the Ev. Lutheran Church.

NINETEENTH EDITION.

BALTIMORE:

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EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fifteenth day of July, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, SAMUEL S. SCHMUCKER, in trust for the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"HYMNS, *Selected and Original*, for Public and Private Worship. Published by the General Synod of the Ev. Lutheran Church.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

SINGING the praises of God is justly regarded as one of the most delightful and profitable parts of worship, both public and private. It was introduced by divine command into the worship of the Old Testament; the blessed Saviour himself recommended it by his practice; and it is enjoined by the apostle Paul on Christians in general. Its separate utility, in addition to that of prayer and hearing the word of God, is based upon the very nature of the human mind; as it calls into action additional powers of the soul. Yet as the materials for the exercise of this Christian duty in any other than the Hebrew language, whether translations of the Psalms or original effusions on the doctrines and facts of the scriptures, are necessarily the products of uninspired pens; they are characterised by different degrees of merit both in respect to poetic excellence and devotional tendency. In no other language, it is thought, is there extant so copious and excellent a collection of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, as that of the Lutheran Church in Germany. And from this copious source our German churches in this country have drawn ample supplies. Yet the prevalence of the English language, has, in some places, long since led to its introduction into the services of our

sanctuaries, as well as to the publication of several collections of hymns in the same tongue. Among these, that made by the learned and pious Dr. Kuntze, then Senior of the New York Ministerium, and published in 1795, is excellent in its devotional tendency, but lamentably deficient in poetic beauty and purity of diction. The collection, subsequently made by a Committee of the New York Synod, appointed in 1812, not only merits a decided preference, but is indeed a most excellent work. Yet long experience has evinced, that this selection does not afford a sufficient variety for all the purposes of ministerial duty and Christian practice, and many of the choicest and most devotional productions of the English muse are not contained in it.

Under these circumstances, the General Synod deemed it their duty, in accordance with their constitution, and in obedience to the numerous calls made on them, to provide a Hymn Book, possessing alike sufficient amplitude, classical excellence, and devotional spirit, to serve as a permanent book for the churches of their connexion, and for all others who may be disposed to use it. For this purpose the undersigned were appointed a committee in 1825, and have for several years devoted their most particular and prayerful attention to the important duty assigned them. They have found the work arduous far beyond their early expectations; but their conviction of its importance and necessity has continually increased. Their aim has been to combine in the highest possible degree practical ex-

cellence with the charms and graces of poetry. They have procured all the most excellent and valuable Hymn Books used by sister churches, and have also examined very many hymns dispersed through the works of individual authors. They feel assured that the selection made will contain the major part of the best Hymns extant in the English language. They have also after mature consideration constructed a new arrangement, which they deem decidedly more practical than any other which they have seen, and calculated to be more useful both to ministers and laymen.

As the New York Hymn Book is in the possession of many of our churches, it was thought proper to add to all the hymns taken from it the number which they bear in that collection: and as the number of such hymns in all the principal divisions of the book is very considerable, it will be found that both books can be used together without inconvenience.

A view of the general subjects, sufficiently minute for reference, is prefixed to the book.

A portable size was adopted, not only for the sake of cheapness and convenience in public and domestic worship, but also that Christians who strive to walk with God, and delight to sing the songs of Zion, may carry this volume with them on their journeys, and in their social walks, and into the field of labour, and as opportunity may offer, kindle anew the flame of their devotion at the fire of the sacred muse.

In conclusion, we would commend this work to the serious use of the disciples of our

Lord in general, and our churches in particular; and more especially to the favour and blessing of that divine Redeemer, whose dying love will be the theme of our more perfect praises in the realms of celestial bliss.

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Gettysburg, Penn. May 16*th*, 1828.

The undersigned, certify that this Hymn Book is published under the sanction of the General Synod of the Ev. Lutheran Church, in the United States, and in conformity to the resolution of said body, passed October the 27th, 1827.

D. KURTZ, D. D.
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Secretary of the General Synod, and Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Frederick, Md.

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HYMNS.

THE SCRIPTURES.

L. M.

1. *The Bible the inspired source of religious knowledge.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired;
And kings and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r,
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood;
And to a num'rous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through ev'ry age
Securely guards the work divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

(210) L. M.

2. *The Scriptures inspired.*

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;

His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure:
This is thy word, and must endure.

3. (204.) C. M.
The same.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near.
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

(203.) C. M.

4. *The word of God an incomparable treasure.*

1 LET av'rice, borne from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite god pursue:
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

(202) C. M.

5. *The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.*

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave·
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

4 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

P. M.

6. *Precious Bible.*—Psalm xix. 10.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor—
Having this I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed—
He is meat and drink indeed!

P. M.

7. *The Bible.—O how I love thy Law.*
Ps. cxix. 97.

1 BY the thoughtless world derided,
Still I love the word of God;
'Tis the crook by which I'm guided,
Often 'tis a chastening rod.

'Tis a sword that cuts asunder
All my pride and vanity,
When abas'd I lie, and wonder
That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,
Sets my trembling judgment right;
When I stray, how much so ever,
This is my restoring light:
Satan oft, and sin, assail me,
With temptations ever new;
Then, O nothing can avail me,
'Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need, O Lord bestow it,
Give my labouring mind relief;
Oft, alas! I doubt, I know it,
Help, O help my unbelief.
Dearest Saviour, by thy merit
May I gain a future crown;
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
'Till these storms are overblown!

8. L. M.

The usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven:

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

9. C. M.

Instruction from Scripture.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

10. C. M.

The glory of the word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day.

11. (208.) C. M.

The Scriptures consolatory to the penitent.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge, that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

12. C. M.

A rational defence of the Gospel.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?

Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chose mysterious ways,
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win.

4 What if the foolish, and the poor,
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some, that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD

L. M.

13. *God exalted above all praise.*

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too;

From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

14. L. M.
The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

1 THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair!
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare!

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

15. C. M.
The Infinite.

1 SOME seraph lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,

That I may raise a lofty song,
To our Eternal King.

2 Thy names how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING ONE!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

3 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

5 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky
And fly before the winds;

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

7 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity!

L. M.

16. *God supreme and self-sufficient.*

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

17. L. M.
The Incomprehensibuty of God.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores
Th' Almighty Three, the Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bids the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thy self appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?

Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

6 Who can behold the glorious light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

18. (306.) L. M.
Unity of God.

1 ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas and worlds unknown
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none control'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay.
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favour only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs.
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign as thou art, God alone.

19. (29) L. M.
God incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through.

Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,
Thy glories never can be known

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years has God has sought,
Such wonders in thy height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal men to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

20. (32.) C. M.
God eternal and unchangeable.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view.
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

21. (33.) L. M.

1 ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come;
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:

5 Yon shining orbs forget their course;
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his wand'ring track:

6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same;
"I am" is thy memorial still.

22. (34.) L. M.

God almighty.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forest bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.

4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake.
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find.
The voice, that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

23. (36.) C. M.

1 'TWAS God who hurl'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him, as he flies;
All hell proclaims his pow'r.

He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:

Blue pestilence and wasting death,
Confess the Godhead nigh.

5 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command:
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

24. P. M.

1 WHEN in dark and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head:
When the lightning breaks from high,
God is coming—God is nigh!

2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls;
Nature, startled nature reels,
From the centre to the poles:
Then the ocean, earth, and sky,
Tremble as he passes by!

3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should he from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

4 God of vengeance! from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art love!
Spare!—O spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
Let the bow of promise smile!

25. (37.) L. M.

God omnipresent and omniscient.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love;
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes.
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

26. (38) C. M.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee!
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

27. (41.) C. M. *God's Wisdom.*

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He hath my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd the sons of men,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders, that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim.
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

9 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

28. (43.) C. M. *God holy and just.*

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King.

Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And saints are his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Are hateful in his sight.

3 The deepest rev'rence, homage, love,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 Thou, righteous God! preserve my mind
From all pollution free;
Thine image form within my breast,
That I thy face may see.

29. (44.) C. M.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind.
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear.
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground:
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere:
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

30. (46.) C. M.

God no respecter of persons.

1 WITH eye impartial, heav'n's high King
Surveys each human tribe;

No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favour bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,
His pow'rful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish ev'ry fear:
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

31. (50.) P. M.

God faithful.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which love supreme hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke.
They stand secure
And steadfast still:
Not Sion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years:
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
His promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Thro' my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres.

Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I'll stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

32. (51) C. M.

God benevolent and merciful.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
Therefore, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To ev'ry soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A rock which cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

33. (52.) P. M.

God is love.

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
From thy eternal throne;
Through heav'n the joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on ev'ry vale.

4 But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiv'n.
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

34. (54.) C. M.
God gracious to all.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies.
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

35. (55.) C. M.

God's mercies unutterable.

1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For those that seek thy face.

2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins;
Here grace their souls renews;
Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace
Their heav'nly beams diffuse.

4 But oh! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in worlds to come!
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

5 And what shall mortal worms reply?
Or how such goodness own?
But 'tis our joy, that, Lord, to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.

6 Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter half thy praise;
Loud, to the honour of thy name,
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

36. (56.) S. M.

God's mercy great and eternal.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And, when his wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His grace subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

37. (31.) L. M.
The glory of God.

1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise;
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
While boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

4 To God all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines.
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

38. C. M.

God is Love, 1 John, iv. 8.

1 AMID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,

In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, the transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love!*

L. M.

39. *A Song of Praise to God.*

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night the praise prolong.

5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

40. (309.) L. M.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;

But darkness veils seraphic eyes;
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness, it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire;
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

5 This one petition would I urge:
To bear thee ever in my sight!
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
My only portion and delight.

TRINITY.

C. M.

41. *The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity,*
Eph. ii. 18.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

42. L. M.

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love;
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

43. P. M.

To the Trinity

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Self-existent Deity,
By the hosts of heaven ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect Unity combin'd
With Society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,

Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Saviour, Vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

3 Glorious, thou, in holiness,
Father didst thy rights maintain;
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain:
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful thou in praises too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We with joy and reverence view
All thy glory, all thy shame!
Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

PRAISE TO GOD.

(1.) L. M.

44. *Praise to God as the Creator and Preserver.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men,
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:

What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the Heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

(3.) C. M.

45. *Praise to God for Preservation and Redemption.*

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms.
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise?

Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

46. (5) L. M.

Praise for the Mercies of God.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more:

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

47. (7.) P. M.

1 I'LL praise my Maker, whilst I've breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

48. (9.) P. M

1 TO your Creator God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise.
Let ev'ry voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,

Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue
A general song
Of grateful praise.

5 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And ev'ry thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest;
Declare his praise.

49. (10.) P. M.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well belov'd of heaven.
Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Favour'd mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise:
Glory be, &c.

3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound;

Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
There be solemn praise address'd:
Glory be, &c.

4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Pow'r, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream:
Glory be, &c.

5 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd blessings down
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease:
Glory be, &c.

50. (11.) S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

51. (14.) C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How bright thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles
In my benign Redeemer's face,
And ev'ry fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

4 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath.
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But, oh! how blest my song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet mine eyes
In one eternal day.

6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name
Through yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raise sublimer strains.

52. (17.) C. M.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;

Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

53. (22.) S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescu'd from the grave,
He, that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest.
The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

54. (24.) L. M.

1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand.
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
Lord! I confess with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice.
It sinks beneath the mighty load:
What shall I render to my God?

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days.
Yet, what at best, I can pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a friend?

5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
My emptiness and poverty.
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heav'n may echo with my song.
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of long eternity.

55. S. M.

God all, and in all, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

56. C. M.

God glorious and Sinners saved. Rom. i. 30. Chap. v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's law,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

57. (315.) P. M.

1 PARENT of good! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine.
There's naught in earth or sea or air,
Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

2 Immensely high thy glories rise;
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield:
An ocean wide without a bound;
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

3 To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall;
I pant for nought beneath the skies;
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All!

4 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God! through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

(63.) C. M.

58. *God's love displayed in creation.*

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise.
Nature, thro' all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

(61.) L. M.

59. *Works of God.*

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.'

60. (64.) C. M.

All things dependent on God.

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes:

Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies!

5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 On him each moment we depend;
If he withdraw, we die.
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

61. (65.) L. M.

The riches of divine goodness.

1 LET the high heav'ns your songs invite;
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.
That band remotest nations joins;
And on each wave his goodness shines.

4 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made!

5 Thither my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore!
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

62. L. M.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise the Lord.

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,

And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or let the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise!

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon;

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day!

5 Ye twinkling stars that gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtain drawn;
That keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet!

7 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above
Let man attempt to speak thy praise!

63. L. M.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 GREAT God! what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do:
What joy their active spirits feel,
To execute their Sovereign's will!

4 Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

5 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

C. M.

64. *The soul.* Mark viii. 36.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

65. (71.) C. M.

Volume of divine providence.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord!
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
O'erlook'd in his decrees,
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know,
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.

6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r:
Whate'er my lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n and thee!

66. (72.) C. M.

God's dispensations merciful.

1 THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe,

Whilst, with a smile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms.
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal worms.

4 His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, love.

5 Now, let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will.
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his fav'rites still.

67. (75.) L. M.

God provides for all.

1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And, when oppress'd with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n;

4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:

All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And, thro' each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And, whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest:

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

68. (77.) L. M.

God's appointments wise and good.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer;
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh;
'Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,'
That secret wets the widow's eye.

5 All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

6 Be this my care:—To all beside,
Indiff'rent let my wishes be.
Passion be calm, abas'd be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God! on thee.

69. (78.) C. M.

God's ways incomprehensible.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep and unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

70. (79.) L. M.

In him we live and move.

1 VAST are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word.
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see;
The spacious earth is full of thee.

2 The various tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portions from thy hand;
And, while they take their diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.

3 Whene'er thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men.
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke.
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet.
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

71. (81.) L. M.

God the refuge of his children.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade.
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world:
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord! thy word
Does ev'ry rising fear control.
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

72. (82.) S. M.

Divine goodness a ground of trust.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd:

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not;
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

5 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

73. (83.) L. M.

God appointeth afflictions.

1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come.
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints.
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will:
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.

3 He sees, we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke.
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.

4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys!

(84.) C. M.

74. *God a present help in trouble.*

1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts
Or trembles in the eye.

2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh;
Canst sooth each mortal care;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.

6 'Tis thou, great God! alone canst check
The progress of disease;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel!
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

(86.) C. M.

75. *Man's dependence on God.*

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;

While we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that form'd us first.
Salvation to th' almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore.
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

76. (87.) P. M.

God our pleasure.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid.
God is the tow'r
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
Or fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
His children keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust the Lord,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
He call me home.

17. (88.) L. M.
The people of God safe.

1 THEY, that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.

2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire:
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.

3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death:
Still they are safe; the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest:
Their very pains and death are blest.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord! to thee.

78. (89.) C. M.

Trust in the promises of God.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thy self our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

4 On thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades, thro' which we pass.
Shall echo with his praise.

79. (90.) P. M.

God our shepherd.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

80. (91.) C. M.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of mercy shine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine, to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

5 Thus cheer us thro' this toilsome road,
Till all our labours cease;
And thus prepare our weary souls
For everlasting peace.

81. (92.) C. M.

In travelling.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt thro' burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.

4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord!
Thy mercy sets me free;
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My heart takes hold on thee.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

8 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And, oh! may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to thee!

82. C. M.

Dark Providence—1 Cor. xiii. 9, 12.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace:
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

83. L. M.

Elijah fed by Ravens. 1 Kings xvii. 5.

1 WHEN God's own people stand in need
His goodness will provide supplies:
Thus when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings
The hungry bird resigns its prey;
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

3 This method may be counted strange
But happy was Elijah's lot:
For nature's course shall sooner change
Than God's dear children be forgot.

4 This wonder oft has been renew'd,
And saints by sweet experience find
Their evils overrul'd for good,
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

5 Who can distrust that mighty hand,
Which rules with universal sway;

Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey!

84. L. M.

Providence.

1 THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But whilst they trust thy guardian eye,
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

85. C. M.

God our Guide and Preserver.
Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

1 THE eagle fond her charge awakes
Where in the nest they doze;
And while her flutt'ring plumes she shakes,
The way to fly she shows;
She spreads her wings, her young to bear,
Before their own they try;
And takes them up, and cleaves the air;
And soars above the sky.

2 'Twas thus in nature's sleep I lay,
When Christ the Spirit shed,

His Spirit stirr'd me up to pray,
And hover'd o'er my head,
Infusing the first gracious hope
He spread his wings abroad,
And train'd his infant pupil up
To seek the face of God.

3 The object of his kindest care
He never yet forsook,
But did himself my weakness bear,
And all my burthen took;
He bore me up, from earth he bore
On wings of heav'nly love,
And taught my unfledg'd soul to soar
To those bright realms above.

4 The Spirit of redeeming grace
Hath been my sure defence,
And through the pathless wilderness
Led on my innocence:
When simple as a little child
All idols I abhorr'd,
And saw as my Redeemer smil'd,
My Paradise restor'd.

L. M.

86. *Consolatory Reflections on Providence.*

1 'TIS wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our cares;
And shall our thankless heart repine
That we obtain not all our prayers?

2 From diffidence our sorrows flow,
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,
And doubt if providence be kind.

3 Should heaven with every wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change it's name and prove a snare.

4 Were once our vain desires subdu'd,
The will resign'd, the heart at rest;
In every scene we should conclude,
The will of heaven is right, is best.

C. M.

87. *Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace*, Psalm cxxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

88. (260.) C. M.

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell·
God will these pow'rs restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heav'n beside.

4 Fear not, that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone:
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
May confidently trust:
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.

FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

89. C. M.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:

We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

C. M.

90. *Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam*

Rom. v. 12. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look,
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 How strong in our degenerate blood,
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

5 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

6 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

7 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first,
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

C. M.

91. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

L. M.

92. *Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.*

1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

93. L. M.
The Farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

94. L. M.
The prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again:
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

C. M.

95. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;

In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

96. C. M.
The End of the World.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

97. L. M.
The Vanity of earthly Things.

1 WHAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merits may descry,
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,

Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour, when we need it most?

6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

L. M.

98. *The Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loaths to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat:
Nature, with heavy loads oppress,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!

He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

CHRIST.

HIS DIVINITY.

L. M.

99. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ,*
John i. 1. 3. 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

L. M.

100. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

C. M.

101. *The Divinity of Christ.*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.

The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form:
A man of grief and wo becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish too.—

6 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss ensures.

7 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

HIS INCARNATION.

102. L. M.
Messiah, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 6.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.

5 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

103. (96.) C. M.

The Angel's message to the shepherds at Christ's nativity.

1 ON Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.

2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.

3 "Shepherds of Judah! cease your fears,
And calm your troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

4 This day almighty love fulfils
Its great eternal word;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.

5 There shall you find the heav'nly babe
In humblest weeds array'd;
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."

6 He ceas'd, and sudden all around
Appear'd a radiant throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Warbling their choral song:

7 "Glory to God, from whom on high
All-gracious mercies flow!

Who sends his heav'n-descended peace
To dwell with man below."

104. (97.) P. M.

The birth of Christ joy to the world.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tunefull shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heav'n they bend,
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, say they;
Great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King,
Is born to-day.

3 He comes, from error's night
Your wand'ring feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave.
This glorious morn,
(Let all attend!)
Your matchless friend,
Your Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound:
For peace on earth,
From God in heav'n,
To man is giv'n,
At Jesus' birth.

105. (94.) C. M.
The Advent of the Saviour.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

106. (95.) S. M.
Mercy and not Wrath results from the mission of Christ.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune.
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing, how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
No wrath stood frowning by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now sinners dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

107. (99.) C. M.

Christ comes to destroy sin.

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plain,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

108. (98.) C. M.

The divine glory and goodness in the mission of Christ.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

2 Good will to guilty men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn:
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

4 Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid!
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd!

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

109. (101.) L. M.

God sent his Son not to condemn but save the world.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his pow'r
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2 When man, debas'd and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran;
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast th' ungrateful, root and branch.

3 But clemency with justice strove,
To save the people of his love.
"Go, my beloved Son!" he cried,
"Be thou their Saviour, thou their guide."

4 The eastern star with glory streams;
It comes, with healing on its beams.
Dark mists of error flee away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5 His sacred memory we bless,
Whose holy gospel we profess;
And praise that great almighty name,
From whom such light and favour came.

(104.) P. M.

110. *Praise for the mission of Jesus.*

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

111. L. M.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the dearest claim:
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

112. S. M.

The Birth of Christ. Heb. ii. 16.

1 YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your king;
To Jesus your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of wo,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

113. P. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall.
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY.

114. (128.) L. M.

The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word:

But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too!

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here.
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

115. (130.) C. M.

Jesus went about doing good.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood.
His foes ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause;
And still his task pursued;
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

(132.) C. M.

116. *Forgiveness from the example of Jesus.*

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise!
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;
Their peace he still pursu'd:
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
To me a model prove!
Like his, O God! my heart incline
My enemies to love.

(133.) L. M.

117. *Resignation from the example of Jesus.*

1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,

I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low.
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone,
Would say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

L. M.

118. *Christ's Transfiguration.* Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ,
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

119. (107.) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood:
He rises, and appears a God.
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

120. (129.) L. M.

Christian example of benevolence.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to snare
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love.
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

L. M.

121. *Rich Man and Lazarus.* Luke vi. 25

1 IN what confusion earth appears!
God's dearest children bath'd in tears;
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And ere I censure, view the end:
That end, how diff'rent! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Lord, let me appear
The meanest of thy servants here;
So that at length I may but taste
The blessings of thy marriage feast.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

L. M.

122. *Gethsemane.*

1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears,
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo.

123. (136) L. M.

The Passion of Christ.

COME, let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he expir'd in shame and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save."

3 O harden'd people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r!

4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

5 But, gracious God! thy pow'r and love
Have made his death a blessing prove.
Tho' once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honours crown his head.

6 Thro' Christ the Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name;
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

124. (147.) C. M.

The love of a dying Saviour.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree.

How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

125. L. M.
A Dying Saviour.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

126. P. M.

"*Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*" Isa. liii. 4.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!
'Tis the long expected prophet,
David's son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.

2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were rais'd to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found him,
Was the stroke that justice gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great;
Here may view it's nature rightly,
Here it's guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See *who* bears the awful load;
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast:
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

127. (137.) L. M.

Christ our substitute.

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd him when he check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.

4 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head.
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung my Lord, who died for me.

5 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

128. (115.) P. M.

1 WITH ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our mortal frame.
He built the church,
Who spread the sky:
Shout and exalt
His honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends,
In dust he lies,

That from his tomb
A church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him, the living stone.
His influence spreads
Through ev'ry soul,
And in one house
Unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand.
That structure, Lord,
Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
Its builder's praise.

129. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the Cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but lost,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

130. (152.) S. M.
Freedom in the death of Jesus.

1 AND shall we still be slaves,
And in our fetters lie,
When summon'd by a voice divine
T' assert our liberty?

2 Did the great Saviour bleed,
Our freedom to obtain?
And shall we trample on his blood,
And glory in our chain?

3 Shall we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

4 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That those, for whom thy Son has died,
In vice are lost and dead.

5 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

6 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

131. C. M.
Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at a dear price.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor should his saints forget.

4 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

132. L. M.

Salvation in the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying God.
And my best honours to his name.

133. (148) C. M.

Sorrow for the sufferings of the Saviour.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

134. (145.) L. M.

1 WORTHY is he, that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

2 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar.
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

3 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines about his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Whose blood speaks peace to wretched men,
Let angels sound his sacred name;
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

135. (144.) S. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood!

2 To Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n!
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

136. (143.) C. M.
Tribute to the Lamb.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise!

137. (134.) S. M.
Praise for Redemption.

1 AUTHOR of life and bliss!
Thy goodness I adore.

O give me strength to speak thy praise,
And grace to love thee more!

2 First for this world, so fair,
My daily thanks shall rise;
For ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy,
Thy bounteous hand supplies.

3 But yet a nobler cause
Demands my warmest love.
Can words describe the wond'rous gift
Descending from above?

4 The Saviour dwelt on earth;
He died, that we might live;
Endur'd the sorrows of the cross,
Immortal hope to give.

5 Ah who can tell the scorn,
The dear Redeemer bore?
Or who describe the mental grief,
Which his blest bosom tore?

6 Low in the grave he lay,
While darkness veil'd the skies.
But lo!—he bursts the bands of death;
To glory see him rise!

7 Father! this work is thine;
For us thou gav'st thy Son.
O may we all devoted be,
And live to thee alone!

138. (142.) L. M.
The same.

1 "'*TIS finish'd!*"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 '*Tis finish'd!*—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfil'd, as was design'd,
In thee the Saviour of mankind.

3 *'Tis finish'd!*—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore.
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 *'Tis finish'd!*—man is reconcil'd
To God, and pow'rs of darkness spoil'd.
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

3 *'Tis finish'd!*—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round.
'Tis finish'd!—let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky!

139. P. M.
Finished Redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

140. (140.) C. M.

Joy in the victory of a crucified Saviour.

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the Lord that fought and bled,
How kind his smiles appear!
What melting, soothing words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!

3 "For you, the objects of my love,
It was for you I died.
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

4 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I was sent to free your souls
From misery and chains."

5 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise
For goodness so divine:
O may we ever feel thy grace,
And die to ev'ry sin!

141. (139.) S. M.

Love of Christ to men the Cause of his suffering.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.

4 In sympathy of love
Let all the earth combine,
And drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.

5 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

142. (153.) L. M.
Love to the brethren a proper return to Christ.

1 NOW be that sacrifice survey'd,
Which for our souls the Saviour made,
While love to sinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing smart.

2 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth and heav'n and all may see
My love to him, who died for me?

3 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught;
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

4 When on the cross I fix mine eye,
Let ev'ry savage passion die;
And may I ever ready be
To serve, forgive, and love like thee.

143. (155.) C. M.
Christ anointing his disciples.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice
From the bright realms above;
Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of pow'r and love.

2 "Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
Nor fear the mortal blow;
He, that in such a warfare dies,
Shall speedy vict'ry know.

3 "I have my days of combat seen,
And in the dust was laid:
But now I sit upon my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "This throne, this glory you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live."

5 Lord! 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love,
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell;
Our hopes are fix'd above.

6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

HIS RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, INTERCESSION, AND GLORY.

(157.) L. M.

144. *Christ dying, rising and reigning.*

1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around.
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo!—what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns.
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

6 Say: "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "where's thy sting!
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

145. (160.) P. M.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away:
Hallelujah!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey.
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise.
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Hail! victorious Jesus, hail!
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heav'n displays her portals wide:
Glorious hero! thro' them ride.
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thine own.

5 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic fires!
Raptur'd, sweep your sounding lyres.
Sons of men! in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is now, O Death! thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd King?

146. (158.) C. M.

The resurrection of Christ a source of Consolation.

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought!
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you!

3 A moment give a loose to grief;
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey;
And rise with his ascending Lord
Thro' all his shining way.

147. (159.) P. M.

The same.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

148. (161.) S. M.
Resurrection of Christ.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of heav'n we view.

4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 O come the happy hour,
When all the world shall own
Thy Son, O God, declar'd with pow'r,
And worship at thy throne!

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

149. (162.) P. M.
The same.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,

And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say:
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell,
With Christ we rise,
With Christ we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

S. M.

150. "*The Lord is risen indeed.*" Luke xxiv. 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;

Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

151. (166.) L. M.

The same.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high;
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way.
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conq'ror comes, with God to dwell.

3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

152. (169.) P. M.

1 JESUS, our triumphant Head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the Conq'ror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;

Each bright order of the sky
Hails him, as he passes by.

3 Heav'n its King congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of vict'ry bring;
All the blissful regions ring.

4 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs;
For redemption all is ours.
Humble penitents shall prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord!
Holy Lamb! incarnate word!
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

153. (170.) C. M.

1 THE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
On heav'n's exalted throne,
Forgets not those, for whom on earth
He heav'd his dying groan.

2 His greatness now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet sti'l the chief of all his joys;
That souls are sav'd from hell.

3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled;
For this his life was giv'n;
For this he fought, and vanquish'd death;
For this he reigns in heav'n.

4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud Hosannas to his name,
With whom you too shall live.

154. L. M.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.
Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,

When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

155. L. M.

Christ's Ascension, Psalm xxiv. 7

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

1 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

156. S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
"Hosanna to the God of grace
That lays his thunder by.]

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

157. P. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;

Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The Presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

L. M.

158. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* Job xix. 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

159 (150.) L. M.
Christ exalted.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love:

2 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
To save us rebels,—yes, 'tis he!
How bright, how lovely, how admir'd!

3 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place,
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

5 Yet tho' for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise:
Jesus! may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

(173.) C. M.

160. *Christ adored by the heavenly host.*

1 O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.

4 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

L. M.

161. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

MORNING STAR.

162. L. M.
The Morning Star.

1 O THOU, whose beams serenely bright,
Can chase the darkness of my soul,
And pour a flood of purest light,
Where now the shades of midnight roll:
Ah! why so long should horror shroud
This mourning breast with deep despair?
Break through the dark and envious cloud,
Arise, arise, O Morning star.

2 Through a long night of griefs and fears,
With gloom and sorrow compass'd round
I drop my uncomplaining tears,
Nor yet the radiant dawn have found;
Still towards the chambers of the day,
With eyes intent, expecting there,

With patient hope, thy promis'd ray,
I long for thee, sweet Morning star.

3 Increasing clouds announce thee nigh,
Slumber my weary eyes invades;
Death spreads his horrors o'er the sky,
And thickens all the gather'd shades.
I yield, I bow my drooping head,
Resign, at length, my anxious care
I sink awhile among the dead,
To wake and hail my Morning star.

L. M.

163. *Bright and morning Star.* Rev. xxii. 16

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss
O tell, how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 Thus when the Eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

ROCK OF AGES.

P. M.

164. *Rock smitten; or the Rock of Ages,* Isaiah. xxvi. 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

FRIEND.

165. P. M.

Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

166 L. M.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd:
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:—
I've been a faithless friend to him.

4 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my friend can say.

5 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

REFUGE.

167. P. M.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee·
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee.
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

PHYSICIAN.

L. M.

168. *Physician of Souls*, Jer. viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! in nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

169. P. M.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole!
There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul!—
The worst of all diseases
Is light combin'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain—
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case—
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death—

Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live.

PASCHAL LAMB.

P. M.

170. *Types of Christ.* Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea—
Describ'd the guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by the Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

171. P. M

Types of Christ. Paschal Lamb.
Heb. ix. 12.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 Adam's sons are now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven—
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

4 There for sinners thou art pleading—
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

5 Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

6 When we join th' angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Saviour's merits—
Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

HOLY SPIRIT.

172. L. M.
The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

173. (184.) L. M.
Praise for the Spirit.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and love thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to righteousness, the road
That we must take, to dwell with God;

Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

174. (185.) C. M.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

175. (189.) C. M.

1 MY hope, my portion, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy gracious aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
That I may learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

176. (190.) C. M.
Aid of the Spirit.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

177. (195.) L. M.
The Holy Spirit a Comforter.

1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

3 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust!

4 And when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace;"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

178. (196.) L. M.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:

2 Send down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

179. (198.) C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And, should I e'er forget thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

180. P. M.

To the blessed Spirit.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, Oh! hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou GLORY, shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly DOVE,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

181. P. M.

Address to the Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

THE GOSPEL CALL.

1. INVITING. GENERAL INVITATIONS.

S. M.

182. *Behold, now is the accepted Time.*
2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 At length around thy throne
They shall thy face behold;
While thro' eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

P. M.

183. *Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.*

Isaiah lv. 1.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty! come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

184. L. M.

1 SINNERS, approach your dying Lord,
And find your happiness restor'd:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The trembling joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your sins forgiven:
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness:
The genuine meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!

185. P. M.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?

To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?

2 After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn:
By his life your God hath sworn;
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive:

4 If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die?

5 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands!

6 Can ye doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?

7 See, the suff'ring God appears,
Jesus weeps, believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

186. P. M.
The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

4 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The boundless grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

187. P. M.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—Oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name:"

How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

188. (123.) S. M.
Gospel invitation.

1 LET ev'ry ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Here wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for streams,
And pine away and die:

Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

C. M.

189. *Inexhaustible grace.* Luke xv. 31.

1 JEHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free
His language how divine!
"My Son, thou ever art with me,
And all I have is thine.

2 "My saints shall each a portion share,
That's worthy of a God;
They are my chief, my constant care—
The purchase of my blood.

3 "Both grace and glory I will give,
And nothing good deny;
With me my saints shall ever live,
And reign with me on high.

4 "And should a hundred thousand more,
Accept the proffered grace,
I have a heaven prepared—for all;
Nor shall you have the less."

5 Then, dearest Lord, let millions come,
And feast on pard'ning grace;
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
And we will shout thy praise.

C. M.

190. *My Son give me thy Heart.* Prov. xxiii. 26

1 WHAT language now salutes the ear,
And 'tis our Father's voice!

Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free—
My son, give me thy heart.

3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
And suffer'd dreadful smart;
For thee the Lord was crucify'd—
My son, give me thy heart.

4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,
And said to me, "Depart;
I claim the purchase of my blood—
My son, give me thy heart.

5 I'll form thee for myself alone,
And ev'ry good impart;
I'll make my great salvation known—
My son, give me thy heart.

6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne:
Bid sin and satan hence depart,
And claim me as thine own.

C. M.

191. *Whosoever will, let him come.* Rev. xxii. 17

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

L. M.

192. *I will in no wise cast out.* John vi. 37.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear
He saith, and who his word can doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out!

2 Doth satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you, Christ will cast away?
It is a truth, why should you doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 The Publican and dying Thief
Apply'd to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

193. (124.) L. M.
Christ's Invitation.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They shall find rest, that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

(126.) C. M.

194. *Mercy for sinners who obey the call of Jesus.*

1 THE Saviour calls; let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound.
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners! come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys:—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

195. (127.) C. M.

Room at the Gospel Feast.

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
And the rich blood, which Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here:
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready: enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame.
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

196. P. M.

"*In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow:
God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed,
Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;

Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O, ye nations!
Hail the long expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes:
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

2. FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

L. M.

197. *The wonderful love of Christ.*

1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?

Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
"By these dear wounds," says he; and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, or will my passions move?
Lord! melt this stubborn heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

198. C. M.

And yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

[3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.]

[4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!

199. C. M.

Youth invited to love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds, draw near;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

200. C. M.

1 AMAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain?
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me for ever reign?

6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

201. C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
'T is not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

202. C. M.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart:
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

203. L. M.

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

L. M.

204. *Behold, I stand at the door.* Rev. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knock'd before,
Hath waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

3. FROM THE EXAMPLES OF SINNERS RECEIVED.

C. M.

205. *The repenting Prodigal.* Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
I starve in foreign lands,
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face,

Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command,)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

C. M.

206. *The converted Thief.* Luke xxiii. 42.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd;

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the viet'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,—
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

C. M.

207. *The leper healed.* Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd!
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

3 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe
I rais'd my mournful cry.

4 Lord, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt,
Oh, pity to me shew;
Oh, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt;
My filthy heart renew.

5 He heard, and with a gracious look
Pronounc'd the healing word:
"I will—be clean," and while he spoke
I felt my health restor'd.

6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r—
He will, for he is love.

C. M.

208. *Bartimeus's Prayer.* Mark x. 46—50.

1 LIKE Bartimeus, we are blind,
Inwrapt in nature's night;

The grossest darkness veils our mind,
For sin prevents the sight.

2 But lo! the Lord from heaven is come
To open sinners' eyes;
To make his wondrous mercy known,
And heal their maladies.

3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,
And in the Lord believe;
For who can tell? perhaps to-day
You may your sight receive.

4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by—
He is the sinner's friend;
Call on his name, and wait and cry,
He will your suit attend.

5 Should sinners say, "Hold ye your peace,
"Nor dare to make so free,"
Then cry the more, and never cease,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

6 Your worthless garments leave behind;
Go to the Lord of light;
Trust in his name, however blind,
And he will give you sight.

FROM THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.

209. (285.) L. M.
The beatitudes.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls, who see
Their ignorance and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
For them divine compassion flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:

God will secure their peaceful state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls, who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men, whose hearts still move
And melt with sympathy and love;
They shall themselves from God obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife:
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

210. (284.) C. M.

The blessings of obedience.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

L. M.

211. *Religion.*

1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

2 Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night!

3 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom bliss, in vain;
The world's a wilderness of wo,
And life a pilgrimage of pain!

4 Till mild religion from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

5 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

9 At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restor'd;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

7 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain:
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

212. (234.) S. M.

The blessedness of the righteous and the misery of the wicked.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

2. AWAKENING. THE EVIL OF SIN.

213. L. M.

Evil of sin.

1 GOD, from his throne, with piercing eye,
Naked does every heart behold;
But never, till we come to die,
Will he to us the view unfold.

2 Should sin, in naked form appear,
Just as it rises in the heart,

And others know and see it there
In ev'ry feeling, every thought;

3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,
How envy and revenge would flame!
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name!

4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell;
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.

5 Unveil'd and naked ev'ry heart
Before the judgment seat must stand,
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.

6 The fiery lake must hotter grow
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;
Each bosom like a furnace glow,
Nor God the rage or fire control.

214. C. M. *Sin.*

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

C. M.

215. *We must be born again.* John iii. 7.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
"Ye must be born again."

[4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

THE SINNER'S HELPLESSNESS.

C. M.

216. *The successful Resolve.* Esth. iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

6 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

VANITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

L. M.

217. *Life the Day of Grace and Hope*, Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,

They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground

5 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

218 L. M.

To-day. Heb. iv. 7.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun
The longer wisdom you despise
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

219. C. M.

The rich worldling. Luke xii. 16– 21

1 "MY barns are full, my stores increase;
And now for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
Secure from wants and fears."

2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume,

He heard the Lord himself pronounce
His sudden, awful doom:

3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
Into a world unknown;
And who shall then the stores possess
Which thou hast call'd thine own?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below;
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to wo.

220. P. M.

Human Frailty.

1 WHAT is this passing scene
A peevish April-day?
A little sun—a little rain—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away:
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust!

2 Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth it's silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath it's surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her pall.

3 The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away:
Thus does the shade,
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid!

4 Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart lie still?

221. (122.) P. M.

Jesus's invitation to the afflicted.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home!
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste;
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:
Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eves
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn:
Here repose your heavy care:
Conscience wounded who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

222. C. M.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

C. M.

223. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"*Evil* and *few*," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

224. C. M.

Frailty and Folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love.

5 Draw us, O Saviour, with thy grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

225. (225.) L. M.

The vanity of Creatures.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires.
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;

Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our soul with joys refin'd.

L. M.

226. *Seek ye my face.* Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face,"
My soul admires the wondrous grace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And begging, in his way I'll lie,
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

3 Daily I'll seek, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive—
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

C. M.

227. *Time is short.* 1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:

Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short!—the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

DANGER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT'S WITHDRAWING HIS INFLUENCE.

L. M.

228. *The returning Backslider.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And oft shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare
In honour of my great High-Priest:
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 E'en now, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,

And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

L. M.

229. *My spirit shall not always strive.* Gen. vi. 3.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

230. C. M.

1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners, come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.

2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;

He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.

4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye?

5 The dead awak'd must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

231. S. M.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be!

3 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

4 How shall I leave my tomb!
With triumph or regret!

A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

5 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

6 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

7 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

8 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;

9 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

232. P. M.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay;
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy:
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

233. L. M.

Sickness and Death.

1 MY soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.

2 Look forward to the moving scene;
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.

3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow;

The eyes grow dim and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.

4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,
Show life's retreating to the heart;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake.

5 When all eternity's in sight;
The brightest day, or blackest night;
One shock will break the building down
And let thee into worlds unknown.

6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity!

L. M.

234. *The night cometh.* John ix. 4

1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,
Awake, and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh, let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd,—
These friendly warnings heard no more
Soon will the mighty Judge approach,
E'en now he stands before the door.

4 To-day attend his gracious voice;
This is the summons that he sends:
"Awake,—for on this transient hour
Thy long eternity depends."

L. M.

235. *The sinner weighed and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high!

There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?—
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters;
"Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horror change thy guilty face;
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail;—
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy power to save;
Deep on the heart, these truths engrave;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

236. C. M.
The Scoffer.

1 ALL ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say, there is no hell;
The gasp of your expiring breath
Will send you there to dwell.

2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour springs afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

3 Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongues,
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

S. M.

237. *The harvest is past.* Jer. viii. 20.

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell—
And in that hopeless world of wo,
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon, your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

P. M.

238. Rom. iii. 16.

1 WHEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart!
The dreadful blow
No arm can stay,
But torn away
He sinks to wo.

2 Now every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God;

No mercy there
Will greet his ear
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.

3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heav'n shall be your home:
His mercy nigh,
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

239. P. M.

Sinner, prepare to meet God.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice:

Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

240. P. M.
The Alarm.

1 STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Tho' your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners, then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

241. C. M.

1 THERE is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his apostate crew.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

242. L. M.

Eternity.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand!—
And shall I waste my ebbing sand
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless wo, or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!

They're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.

4 Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing, then, to thee;
Death, and a dread eternity?

(227.) C. M.

213. *The misery and danger of Sinners.*

1 SINNERS! the voice of God regard:
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his gracious word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in frightful torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

(228.) L. M.

214. *The folly of neglecting religion.*

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above
And Jesus pleads his dying love;

Awaken'd conscience gives you pain:
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects, which ye now pursue.
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart.
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

245. C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,
Must I in torments dwell?
And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)
And blow the flames of hell!

5 Ah! no; I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

7 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

L. M.

246. *Youth and Judgment*, Eccl. xi. 9.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults,
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

C. M.

247. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

PENITENCE OF THE AWAKENED SINNER.

1. PRAYER FOR PENITENCE.

P. M.

248. *A Prayer for Seriousness.*

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

249. S. M.

For true repentance.

1 O THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief opprest,
For having griev'd my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

3 Jesus on me bestow,
The penitent desire;

With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire;

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

250. C. M.

For true Repentance. 2 Kings xxii. 19. 20.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledges how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove
Before the evil come,
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

251. L. M.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?

Goodness and wrath, in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw with rays of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

252. S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:—
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hindrance now remove,
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power!
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

L. M.

253. *And I will take away the stony heart, and will give you a heart of flesh.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear,
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Saviour's blood
'Tis his rich blood and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

2. PENITENCE.

L. M.

254. *Original and actual Sin confessed.*

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

C. M.

255. *The contrite Heart.* Isa. lvii. 15.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

256. P. M.

Penitential Sighs.

1 FATHER! at thy call I come,
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

2 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

3 But may such a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smil'd upon by Heaven?

4 Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

5 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;

How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

6 Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why,—oh, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

257. C. M.
The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

258. (245.) P. M.

1 GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs.
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;

Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own.
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs.
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

259. C. M.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

L. M.

260. *Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.* Rom. vii. 15.

1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate!
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve,
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Where shall so great a sinner run?
I see I'm ruin'd and undone;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.

4 Thy blood dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within—
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God;
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has died and wash'd me clean.

261. L. M.

1 ALAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God, whom I defy'd.

2 Oft have I heard of heav'n, and hell,
Where bliss and wo eternal dwell;
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My heart has long refus'd the blood
Of Jesus, the descending God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.

4 Th' alluring world control'd my choice;
When conscience spake, I hush'd its voice;
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 But now, th' Almighty God comes near
And fills my soul with awful fear—
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

262. C. M.

1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt opprest?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recal;
And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimprov'd them all!

4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heav'n;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise

263.

L. M.
Ps. li. 9—13.

1 OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand,
Within thy book, recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from every fear release,
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.

4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
Has urg'd from thee, blest Lord, to stray,
From me thy heavenly precepts learn,
And, humbled, to their God return.

264.

S. M.
Conviction.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

265. P. M.

Sin bewailed.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

266. L. M.

Confession and Repentance.

1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

3 For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
E'en me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

267. C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 OH, if my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

268. C. M.

Slain and reviving. Rom. vii. 9.

1 SMOTE by the law, I'm justly slain;
Great God, behold my case;
Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul—
Thy justice, all in flames,
Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.

3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel;
I fear, but don't relent,—
Perhaps of endless death the seal:
Oh, that I could repent!

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile.
My duties black with guilt;
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Tho' Jesus' blood was spilt?

5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an opening hell:
But lo! what glory strikes my sight!
Such glory who can tell!

6 Enwrapt in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God:
Swell, swell the note: Oh, tell his grace;
Sound his high praise abroad!

269. P. M.

Renouncing the World.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years,
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads,
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found
To sooth and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart!

SUPPLICATION FOR THE DIVINE MERCY.

P. M.

270. *Penitent suing for Pardon.* Job xiii. 15.

1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?

2 Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free my soul from sin?

3 Sin on ev'ry side surrounds me
I can hear of no relief;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, to bear my grief.

4 This is now my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

5 If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

L. M.

271. *Seeking pardon.* Ps. xxvii. 8.

1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppress with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
If I turn back, hell is my doom;
And begging in his way, I'll lie
Till the dear Saviour passes by.

4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
No! Jesus will not, can't deceive,
The soul that seeks his face shall live.

L. M.

272. '*What must I do to be saved?*' Acts ix. 6.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh·
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemned to die!"

L. M.

273. *Apprehension confessed, or Jesus was heard in that he feared.* Heb. v. 7. ii. 15.

1 THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thy self forget
Thy last, mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh afraid to bear
The wrath of an almighty God!

5 Father if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,

Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll!

5 To thee, my last distress I bring!
The heighten'd fear of death I find!
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save me, through thine only Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

274. (240.) L. M.

Penitence.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?

2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And, though my pray'r thou shouldst not hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.

3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord!
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace.
Great God! thy nature hath no bound:
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain.
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And ev'ry power shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

(241.) L. M.

275. *Prayer for a new heart.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

276. L. M.

1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only rest return.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See the poor fainting sinner, see.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray,
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory divine is ris'n on thee."

6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay.

277. C. M.

1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good:
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long)
My voice, I cannot raise;

But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee;
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

S. M.

278. *To obtain mercy.* 1 Tim. i. 16.

1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.

2 Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want!
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never never faint.

3 Yet Lord, well might I fear,
Fear e'en to ask thy grace,
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face.

4 With all pollution stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod;
Thy name and temple I profan'd,
And dar'd to call thee God!

5 Nigh with my lips I drew:
My lips were all unclean;
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin.

6 Far from the living Lord,
Far, far from God and heav'n,
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiv'n.

279. P. M.

My peace I give unto you. John xiv. 27.

1 LAMB of God for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest;
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee!
No, my God, I cannot doubt:
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want:
Be that to others giv'n;
Only for thy love I pant;
My all in earth or heav'n;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath!
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!

Let it not, my Lord, displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

P. M.

230. *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.* Mark x. 47.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See! I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

5 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.

6 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

7 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

P. M.

281. *Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer.*

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
Jesus! to thine arms I fly;
Come and save me, or I die.

P. M.

282. *The Penitent's Prayer.*

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry:
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O! deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
For I, alas! am all that's vile:
No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
That dearest, sweetest name to me!

3 Within this heart of mine, I feel
The weight of sin's oppressive load:
Oh! help! or else I sink to hell,
Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!
Entomb'd within that dread abyss,
And exil'd from the realms of bliss!

P. M.

283. *The Penitent pardoned.*

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die!

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart,
Pierce this broken, bleeding heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my ev'ry wound;
Thou canst sooth the troubled breast,
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

5 Then my humble prayer attend,
Show thyself the sinner's friend;
Bid the sufferer cease to mourn,
Bid the prodigal return!

6 Clasp me in thine arms of love,
Let me all thy fondness prove,
I die if thou canst not forgive,
But whisper "pardoned," and I live!

L. M.

284. *The Dying Sinner's Prayer; or, the Prayer of Old Age.*

1 O THOU that dost in secret see,
Regard a dying sinner's prayer,

Out of the deep I cry to thee—
Save, or I perish in despair.

2 Weeping, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
Mine eyes which fail with looking up,
For thee my heart laments and sighs—
Sick with desire and lingering hope.

3 O that I could but surely know
If I at last shall mercy find!
For what am I reserv'd below?
Tell me, thou Saviour of mankind!

4 Let others walk with thee in light,
But bless me with one parting ray,
And ere I close mine eyes in night,
Give me to see thy perfect day.

(217.) C. M.

285. *Supplication for God's grace.*

1 TO thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores:

2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name,
Nor greatness with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:—

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure:
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of joys to come
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

5 These are the blessings I desire:
Lord, be these blessings mine!
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

286. (218) C. M.
God the portion of the Soul.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy brighter beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll;
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode.
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
But they are not my God.

5 If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more!

287. (219.) C. M.
God the Christian's portion.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die:
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them, when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ.
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

288. C. M.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare:
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer.

2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.

4 The darkness which, thro' thee, I feel,
Thou only canst remove:
Thine own eternal power reveal,
The Deity of love.

5 I would not to thy foe submit:
I hate the tyrant's chain;

Send forth thy pris'ner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.

6 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply!
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

7 Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

289. S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous just concern
For thine immortal praise:
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

C. M.

290. *Imploring Mercy.* Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favour I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love;
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
O may thy bowels move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
To join thy saints above;
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

S. M.

291. *Inconstancy lamented.* Rom. vii. 19.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would but cannot—Lord relieve;
My help must come from thee!

S. M.

292. *Bethesda's Pool.* John v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

[5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No—he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

293. P. M.

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with a heart sincere
Thy drawing from above!
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,

The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thy inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
I know myself thy child?

5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess'd
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

P. M.

294. *The broken Heart; or, the Sinner's Plea.*

1 WILL the pardoning God despise
A poor mourner's sacrifice,
One who brings his all to thee,
All his sin and misery;

2 Saviour, see my troubled breast,
Heaving, panting after rest,
Jesus, mark my hollow eye,
Never clos'd and never dry.

3 Listen to my plaintive moans,
Deep uninterrupted groans,
Keep not silence at my tears,
Quiet all my griefs and fears.

4 Good physician, show thine art,
Bind thou up my broken heart;
Aches it not for thee, my God,
Pants to feel the healing blood?

5 Jesus, answer all thy name,
Save me from my fear and shame
Sunk in desperate misery,
Sinner's friend, remember me!

(188.) S. M.

295. *God the preserver of his people*

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

P. M.

296. *A Prayer for the promised Rest*, Isa. xxvi. 3.

1. DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;

Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord! on thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest.

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
Oh, may my heart by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

P. M.

297. *Pleading the Atonement.* Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy Anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear and show thou hear'st my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love!
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me whilst on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

(243.) C. M.

298. *The terrors of judgment, and penitence from them.*

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:—

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign:
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore;
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul!
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

299. (247.) C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?.

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

300. C. M.
For a new Nature.

1 SUPREME High-priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare;
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there.

2 Ah, let my forehead bear thy seal,
My arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witness feel
That I am born again.

3 Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Possess my heart, and leave no room
For sin to harbour there:

4 Ah, give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at naught but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I—
Let Jesus live in me.

5 O that the penetrating sight
And eagle's eye were mine!
Undazzled at the boundless light,
Of majesty divine;

6 That with the armies of the sky
I too may sit and sing,
Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,
The dove's aspiring wing.

C. M.

301. *For Salvation from the power of Sin here, and from its existence finally.*

1 O WHEN wilt thou my Saviour be!
O when shall I be clean!
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin!

2 Jesus! the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from my heart,
I look for rest in vain!

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd:

4 Joining thy sheep in yonder fold,
Like them I shall rejoice;
Like them thy glory shall behold
And hear my shepherd's voice.

5 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is past to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.

L. M.

302. *Prayer of a penitent.* Ps. 6.

1 OH that the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger lest I die!
Thy wrath is just—yet, oh, forgive!
And let a mourning sinner live.

2 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?

3 Oh, should I die depriv'd of thee!
What being else can succour me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.

4 Ye darling sins, that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.

5 No;—I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then, full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

THE SINNER TRUSTING IN CHRIST FOR SALVATION.

L. M.

303. *Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.*

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?

2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:

What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.

3 I own my guilt; my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

304. L. M.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once moved in error's devious maze;
Nor found religious duties sweet,
Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou could'st ne'er approve;
And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet, eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall;
A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give;
From fame, from wealth, from friends part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,

Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise thro' endless years.

P. M.

305. *The surrender.*

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Thro' eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

C. M.

306. *Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief,
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,

Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

307. C. M.

Old things passed away. 2 Cor. v. 17.

1 LET carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once, I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me!

308. L. M.

1 O GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succour came,

The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name.

2 With publicans and harlots I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel days,
To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distressed,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom-sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word!
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restor'd,
Devote its little all to thee!

309. L. M.

The sinner trusting in God.

1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loath to save,

Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What though our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne.

5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

310. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies;

5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

311. (296.) L. M.

1 MY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passions to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one:—
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,
This strength supplies and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from fear am freed.
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my hope, disarms my foes.
The world I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown.
If pressed with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, and asks no more.

7 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand.

Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

312. (303) L. M.
Trusting in God.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaim
His various and his saving names.
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Awake, our noblest pow'rs to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' pray'r;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That it hath sought its God in vain.

4 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his pow'r, his love the same!

5 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread;
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

313. (294.) C. M.
The power of faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;

That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on Faith's triumphant wings
At once to glory rise.

314. (295.) L. M.

Faith a substitute for vision.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray:
Though lions roar, and tempests blow
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

315. (298.) L. M.

There is salvation in none other than Jesus.

1 IN vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God;

Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
Eternal life; on these I live;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.

3 Here let my constant feet abide;
Thou art the true, the living way:
Let thy good Spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn as vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

2. THE GRACIOUS NATURE OF THIS SALVATION

316. S. M.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

L. M.

317. *By grace ye are saved.* Eph. ii. 5.

1 SELF righteous souls on works rely,
And boast their mortal dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin—
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—
Grace is my hope and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
And 'tis by grace I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
For all that's past grace is my theme,
For what's to come 'tis still the same.

6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly king;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout free grace to him alone.

L. M.

318. *Faith connected with Salvation.* Rom. 1. 16. Heb. x. 39.

1 NOT by the law of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven:

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole!
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

319. P. M.

Redeeming grace. 1 Cor. iv. 7.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and unmerited grace

2 His love from eternity burned for our race,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
And now with the cords of his kindness he draws,
And brings us to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
We all would have liv'd, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of our guilt.

4 What was there in man, that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father," we ever must sing,
Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

[5 Urged on by this grace, did the Saviour appear,
The bearer of help from above,
Now all who are thirsting may freely draw near,
And drink in the streams of his love.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be ours the high joys still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of our songs.

320. S. M.

Lamb of God. John i. 29.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

321. P. M.

Salvation is of Grace.

1 EVERY fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love without beginning,
Has redeemed the world again.
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

3 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!

Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

4 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me;
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

5 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

L. M.

322. *Redemption by Christ alone.* 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

3. TRUE FAITH ACCOMPANIED BY A HOLY LIFE.

323. (305.) C. M.
A living faith necessary.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head:—

3 A faith that changes all the heart;
A faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God requires us still
To perfect holiness.

4. ADDRESSES TO CHRIST, AND GRATITUDE FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

324. P. M.
The unsearchable Love of Christ. Ephes. iii. 17—19.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee!
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I could with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

325. P. M.
Miracle of Grace. Luke xix. 10

1 HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd this way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;

Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

P. M.

326. *Excellency of Christ.* Isaiah xxxv. 2.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

C. M.

327. *Praise for the Fountain opened.* Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;

O there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

L. M.

328. *The Loving Kindness of the Lord.* Psalm lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

329. P. M.

1 LET earth and heaven agree;
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the host above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he died for me.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race:
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done!

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified!
For all, for all my Saviour died.

7 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

330. P. M.

1 O LOVE divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hast died for me!
The Father's coeternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold and love, ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

331. L. M.

1 MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.

5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

332. (114.) P. M.

Jesus above all praise.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,

That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth;
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace.
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see,
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

333. L. M.

Holiness, Justice and Mercy united. Ps. lxxxv. 10.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low!
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,

To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—
In Christ harmoniously they meet:
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The sons of Adam's fallen race.

7 With grate-ful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

331. L. M.

Hiding Place. Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 HAIL, boundless love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
I felt the arrows of distress,
But found I had no hiding place.

4 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
Conducted me to rest and peace
In Jesus Christ my hiding place.

335. L. M.
Christ the Eternal Life.

1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sovereign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

2 Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

3 In vain I ask—for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

4 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life! our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity!

5 All our immortal hopes are laid,
In thee our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

6 Here let my soul for ever lie,
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

336. P. M.
Christ the Believer's all.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are only dross.

Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good.
Every grace and every favour
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heaven:
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith he grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands—inspires.
All our prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

337. C. M.

1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n:
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

338. C. M.

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

1 [LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

339. (116.) P. M.

Salvation in Christ for Jew and Gentile.

1 WE sing the wise, the gracious plan,
Which God devis'd ere time began,
At length disclos'd in all its light;
We bless the wondrous birth of love,

Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free and hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise eternal mind
In Christ, their common head, conjoined
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven.
Through him from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful cherubs guard
The tree of life with flaming sword,
To drive afar man's trembling race.
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
And smiling wait, a friendly band,
To welcome strangers to the place.

4 While we expect that glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise.
From earth's low cottages of clay,
To those resplendent realms of day,
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

L. M.

340. *Praise to the Redeemer.* Lev. xvi. 9—22

1 O THAT I had a seraph's fire,
His rapt'rous song and golden lyre,
To chant the love and grace supreme,
Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.

2 Here's pardon for transgressions past—
It matters not how black their cast;
And, O my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come, here's pardon too.

3 When Jesus died, our debts were paid,
Our sins laid on this Scape-Goat's head;
Were to the trackless desert drove,
And buried in eternal love.

4 In this abyss of love profound,
When sought for they shall not be found;

Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye,
There, in oblivion's shades, they lie.

341. P. M.

The Long-suffering of God.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be!
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am.
Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell —to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

342. L. M.

1 COME, Saviour Jesus, from above.
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

343. L. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach to me thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

344. P. M.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM;
I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

3 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose:
Angel-minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown;
Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favour!
This he makes to mortals known,
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,

Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

345. L. M.

1 OF him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

346. P. M.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail! thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

347. C. M.
Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi 9. Luke xix. 38. 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

348. C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

349. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

350. (121.) P. M.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to heav'n ye onward move,
Triumph in redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears.
See your guilt and care remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!

Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Christ subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremendous foes, and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud the joyful string.
Mortals! join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

351. (111.) S. M.
The blessedness of gospel times

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

352. P. M.

The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

353. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!

O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

354. (343.) C. M.

1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy matchless bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With ev'ry cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When, sunk in guilt, our race approach'd
The borders of despair;
Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1. THE CONVERT ENTERTAINING HOPE OF PARDON; AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

C. M.

355. *Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

1 I WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth:
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

S. M.

356. *That which we have seen and heard.*
1 John i. 3.

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiv'n?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscrib'd in heav'n!

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied!

4 Exults our rising soul,
Deliver'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love surpasses far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

Stronger than death or hell
The sacred pow'r we prove:
And conqu'rors of the world we dwell
In heav'n who dwell in love.

357. (119.) P. M.

Jesus the anchor of the soul.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The love of God forgiving sin,
Through Jesus crucified and slain.
His mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth have pass'd away.

2 Father! thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thine heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are;
And Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and strength decay.
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away.
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

358. P. M.

Conversion. Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 ON the brink of fi'ry ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing
When I first beheld my Lord.

2 [Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,
Where I saw with love and wonder,
Him by faith who died for me.]

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee
With an everlasting love;
Justice has in me approv'd thee;
Thou shalt dwell with me above."

4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by satan bound.

5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
Was that heavenly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
'Tis the God that holds the thunder
Shows himself the God of grace!

359. L. M.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It sooths my soul, and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

360. (255.) C. M.

The joy of conversion from sin.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those, that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

361. (256.) S. M.

The pleasures of Conversion.

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,
Each night thy love record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy truth shall shew,
And all thy love record.

362. (117.) C. M.

Joy for salvation.

1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

363. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost: Luke i. 46.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are now turn'd into songs,—
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

5 That stream doth water paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

L. M.

364. *Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.*

1 BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

L. M.

365. *Happy in the Salvation of God.* Psalm xlvi. 4.

1 INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.

3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.

4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there.

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortals joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

366. L. M.
The New Convert.

1 THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day;
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his numerous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less:
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
"My arm procured me this success."

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That saved by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

367. (258.) S. M.
Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Whilst ye surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God:
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God, who rules on high,
Who all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin!
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below.
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:

We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

(262.) L. M.

368. *The privileges of the sons of God.*

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply:
Their steps he guards with watchful eye·
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

5 If I've the honour, Lord! to be
One of this num'rous family:
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

6 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness on my face.

(265.) C. M.

369. *The pleasures of a pure conscience.*

1 O happy soul that lives on high!
While men lie grov'ling here,
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear

2 His conscience knows no secret sting,
While grace and joy combine

To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees.
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day,
When Christ his promise shall fulfil
And call his soul away.

370. (268.) S. M.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade:

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!

5 O let me feel thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

(270.) L. M.

371. *The glorious prospects of faith.*

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way

2 There shall the fav'rites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine.
Surprising honour! vast reward!
Conferr'd on man by love divine.

3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God;

4 To win them from the fatal way
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus taught and God approves.

5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light.
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies!

372. (304.) C. M.

1 HAPPY the man, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.

3 He knows, that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they flee away!

4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come:
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

2. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST, AND LOVE TO HIM.

373. C. M.

Christ precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

P. M.

374. *Sitting at Jesus' feet.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station—
Low before his cross I'll lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;

4 Here I'll sit—forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God

375. C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree:
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love,
She does commune with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

376. C. M.

Evening twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

377. P. M.

For closer Communion with God. Ps. xxiii.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:

Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

378. C. M.

Job xxiii. 3.

1 OH, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

379. C. M.

1 OH, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God:

Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine;

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

380. P. M.

None upon earth I desire besides thee.
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer's-sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:

While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

381. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole!
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire.

5 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray:
Direct my word, inspire my thought.

In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power,

And when the storms of life shall cease,
Receive me in the trying hour.

382. P. M.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
Psalm i. 2.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we!
Divinely drawn to follow thee:
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and pray'r.

2 With us no melancholy void;
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
A bright harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

383. L. M.

Desiring Communion with God.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to Heaven—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

384. L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

385. C. M.

Love to Christ. John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see:

And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

386. C. M.

Jesus precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
Now is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared to thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

387. P. M.
Lovest thou me? John xxi 16.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore.
O for grace to love thee more!

388. L. M.

Living to Christ. Phil. i. 21.

1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ by faith my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my ev'ry want supply,
In time and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ—to die is gain.

5 Soon will the saints in glory meet;
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

389. (220.) L. M.

The Christian panting for God.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim:
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
The glories, that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy child and servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, for thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Ev'n life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford:

Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise.
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

390. L. M.

Love to Christ present or absent.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 When of thine absence we complain,
And long, and weep, and humbly pray;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,—
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, descend and come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

391. P. M.

Love of Jesus.

1 LOVE divine, how sweet the sound.
May the theme on earth abound:
May the hearts of saints below,
With the sacred rapture glow!

2 Love amazing, large and free,
Love unknown, to think on me!

Let that love upon me shine,
Saviour, with its beams divine.

3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.

4 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine:
Drop the veil, and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.

5 While in Meseeh's tents I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay;
When I soar to bliss above,
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

392. (282.) C. M.
The Christian's choice.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine:
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

393. (311.) C. M.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because bestow'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee!

394. (312.) L. M.
Confidence in God.

1 OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son?
Will he reject the filial pray'r,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

4 Our heav'nly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassions rise;
And open thy unbounded store,
To satisfy thy children's cries?

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience at thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.

6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The upright supplicant has blest;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of pray'r attest.

3. DOUBTS AND FEARS.

395. L. M.

Hidings of God's face.

1 HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit, and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

2 But now he's gone (O mighty wo!)
Gone from my soul and hides his love!
I hate the sins that griev'd him so,
The sins that forc'd him to remove!

3 Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne,
His chariot through the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

4 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high:
Then shall the conqu'ror turn his wheels
And climb the mansions of the sky.

C. M.

396. *O that I were as in months past!* Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face!
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay!

397. P. M.

Lovest thou me?

1 'TIS a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3 [Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?]

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case:
Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

C. M.

398. *The Complaint under Darkness.*

1 REJOICE in God, the word commands,
And fain would I obey;
Yet still my spirit lingering stands,
While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin?
And how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within?

3 Whence should my lips give rapture birth,
When I no rapture feel?
Or how should notes of heavenly mirth,
Sound from a breast of steel?

4 If falling tears and rising sighs,
In triumph share a part;
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart!

5 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts out my joys.

6 The power, the sweetness, of thy voice,
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

P. M.

399. *Cast down, yet hoping.* Ps. xlii. 5.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;

Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' satan's strong temptation
Vex and grieve thee day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee
Soon he'll bring thee home to God
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing, sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

C. M.

400. *Doubting Christian.*

1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led,
I list'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold—
Had neither joy nor song.

3 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,

Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

3 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain
For I had lived at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

5 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To satan's fi'ry dart.

6 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cry'd in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear!

7 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

401. L. M.
Hating Sin.

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory to mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heaven, my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

402. (276.) L. M.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take.
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear!

403. L. M.

Hope encouraged by a view of the Divine Perfections, 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

3 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

4 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

5 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

404. L. M.
Return of Joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And I blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn,)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

4. SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

405. C. M.
Will ye also go away? John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee.

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

406. S. M.
Apostasy. 2 Pet. ii. 22.

1 YE, who in former days,
Were found at Zion's gate;
Who walk'd awhile in wisdom's ways
And told your happy state;

2 But now to sin draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And choose the beaten way;

3 Think not your names above
Are written with the saints;
The promise of eternal love
Is his who never faints.

4 Your transient joy and peace
Your deeper doom have seal'd,

Unless you wake to righteousness,
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

407. C. M.
Crown Him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out.
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

408. L. M.
Wandering Thoughts.

1 I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2 If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me oft before his face.

3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all begone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

4 But cares or trifles, make or find
Still new approaches to the mind;

Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5 This foolish heart can leave its God,
And shadows tempt its thoughts abroad;
How shall I fix this wandering mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

6 Look gently down, almighty grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

409. L. M.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

410. C. M.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!

Nothing has half thy work to do
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still!
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

411. C. M.
Hardness of Heart.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

5. BACKSLIDER RETURNING.

412 P. M.

1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O, can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I require,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave;
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole;
The balm of thy mercy apply,
Thou seest the sore anguish I feel,

Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show:
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below:
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore:
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner a sinner no more.

413. P. M.

Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Psalm lxxvii. 8.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me!
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace:
Long provok'd him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands:
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel!
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 Jesus answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. M.

414. *Pardon.* Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

P. M.

415. *The returning Backslider; or, a Prayer for restoring Grace.* Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake!
Forgive and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a House of Prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert:
The veil of sin once more remove!
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears:
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck!

C. M.

416. *Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

417. C. M.

1 DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to my vows, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.

2 Now let me be by grace restor'd,
To me thy mercy shown;
Oh turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Almighty Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Grant, thro' the greatness of thy love,
The humble, contrite heart.

4 Give, what I should have long implor'd,
A taste of love unknown;
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Behold me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
For life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye.

6 Speak but the reconciling word;
Let mercy melt me down:
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone:

418. C. M.

1 O THAT I were as heretofore!
When warm in my first love;

I only live my God t' adore,
And seek the things above!

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now, from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden how regain?

L. M.

419. *Perseverance desired.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate:
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

6. SANCTIFICATION AND CHRISTIAN GRACES.

420. L. M.

My soul thirsteth for God.

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

421. L. M.

Hatred of Sin.

1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

4 The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of *Jesus as he is*,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

L. M.

422. *When shall I come and appear before God?*
Psalm xlii. 1, 2, 5.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see,
So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.

2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,
To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires;
When shall I reach thy blest abode?
When meet the presence of my God?

3 God of my strength, attend my cry,
Say why, my great Preserver, why
Excluded from thy sight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of wo?

4 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest?
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy steadfast hope repose.

5 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid;
His name my zeal shall ever raise,
And dictate to my lips his praise.

423. P. M.

Breathing after Holiness.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy lovely spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come! almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

424. L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,

At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

P. M.

425. *Aspirations of the Soul after God.*

1 MY Lord! in whose presence I live,
Whose favour alone I desire;
To whom all the hopes I conceive,
With ardent devotion aspire;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free.
I find even sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assign'd me by thee.

2 Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
To thee this best gift I resign.

Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long,

3 My spirit and faculties fail;
O finish what grace has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze;
'Tis all that is left to me now.

4 Oh glory, in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of Deity toss'd,
I'm swallow'd, I sink into naught.
Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King;
And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

426. (335.) L. M.
Prayer for spiritual mindedness.

1 MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Father, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence.
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her cares, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;

In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

427. (336.) L. M.
Retirement and meditation.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase those shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retir'd and silent seek them there:
This is the way to overcome,
The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

5 Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

428. (318.) S. M.
The blessedness of God's children.

1 MY Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;

For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know, a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart:
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own,
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father! blissful name!
Beyond expression dear:
If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

429. P. M.

Resignation; or, my Times are in thy Hand

1 SOVEREIGN Ru'er of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree:

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief:

4 Times temptation's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All is fix'd—the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

3 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
'Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

430. (332.) L. M.
Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found:
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubts perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

431. (340.) C. M.
Fruits of love. 1 Cor. 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare:
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good.
So God's own Son came down to die,
And save us by his blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

432. (352.) S. M.

Love to the brethren.

1 BLEST be the tie, that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent pray'rs:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

433. (354.) L. M.

The same.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping sick'ning fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

434. (357.) S. M.

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all, whose hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,

In all the cares of life and love.
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possest,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning-dew distils,
And all the air is love.

435. C. M.

Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

1 DEAR Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth?

6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

436. (281.) L. M.
Love the chief of graces.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

437. (213.) C. M.
Prayer for divine guidance.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O! spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease;
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have, is thine.

438. (313.) C. M.

The importance and influence of love.

1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love, that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move.
The devils know, and tremble too;
But devils do not love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease.
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

439. (292.) S. M.

Watchfulness.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait.
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame,
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near.
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

P. M.

440. *Jacob's wrestling with God.* Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee!

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace—thy pow'r defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have past since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold—
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

441. P. M.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive.
Claim me, for thy service claim,
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers!
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel:
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart; but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thine own I am:
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

7. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE FIGURATIVELY DESCRIBED AS TAKING UP THE CROSS.

L. M.

442. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

P. M.

443. *World renounced.*

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
(The things I lov'd before:)
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares:
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
This sure, unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

444. P. M.

Welcoming the Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not, if he might.

L. M.

445. *Prayer answered by Crosses.*

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd.
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith!

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free:
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

446. (274.) L. M.

Christian holiness.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine!

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

A PILGRIMAGE.

447. L. M.

"*For here have we no continuing City, but we seek one to come.*" Heb. xiii. 14.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion it's name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be *mine;*
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

448. L. M.
Longing for our heavenly home.

1 "O ZION, when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 "An exile here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 "While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 "But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 "The hope that such a day will come,
Makes even the exile's portion sweet;

Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet."

449. L. M.
Following Christ.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burthen, long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more:
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.

6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

450. L. M.
The narrow Way.

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road
What thousands hate it when tis known!
None but the upright and sincere,
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;

By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust;
But God shall fight with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

P. M.

151. *The Christian Pilgrim seeking a better Country.* Heb. xi. 13—16. xiii. 14.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Though I no foot of land possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge a while in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure, and my heart are there,

And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come, to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

P. M.

452. *Grateful recollection on the journey of life*

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

P. M.

453. *Rejoicing in Hope.* Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

454. (290.) C. M.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promis'd soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflo
And oft are bath'd in tears:
Yet naught but heav'n our
And naught but sin

3 The flow'rs, that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one anxious look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And ev'ry thorn, that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.

5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstasies of love;
And, while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But, while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

P. M.

455. *Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.*

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
[illegible]he fiery, cloudy pillar,
[illegible]d me all my journey through:
[illegible] Deliverer,
[illegible] still my strength and shield.

[illegible]ad the verge of Jordan,
[illegible]ious fears subside;
[illegible], and hell's Destruction,
[illegible] Canaan's side:

456. P. M.

The christian pilgrim's evening ode.

1 [THE sun is fast descending
His circuit from on high;
The shades of eve are blending
With yonder distant sky;
Soon will the landscape vanish,
And sable darkness banish
These scenes from mortal eye.]

2 Thus too our days are ending,
The race will soon be run,
Our sun is fast descending;
Our work is almost done.
Soon will our Master greet us,
And heav'nly legions meet us
To waft us to our home.

3 Then pilgrims! come, delay not
On this unfriendly ground,
And in the desert say not,
That you have Canaan found.
The fiery pillar leads us,
The promised manna feeds us,
But barren is the ground.

4 Come tune the harp to gladness,
A song of Zion sing;
Away with thoughts of sadness,
We'll praise our heav'nly king.
Our trials and our crosses,
Our sufferings and our losses,
But keep us near to him.

5 But Zion! when we raise thee
A song in distant lands,
The harp that fain would praise thee,
Falls tuneless from our hands.
Our hearts, distress'd and lonely,
Can leap for gladness only
In thy dear happy land.

A VOYAGE.

L. M.

457. *So he brought them unto their desired Haven.*" Psalm cvii. 30.

1 THE christian navigates a sea
Where various forms of death appear;
Nor skill, alas! nor power has he,
Aright his dangerous course to steer.

2 Sometimes there lies a treacherous rock
Beneath the surface of the wave!
He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

3 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
He seems forsaken and alone:
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen preserves and leads him on.

4 On the smooth surface of the deep,
Without a fear he sometimes lies:
The danger then is lest he sleep,
And ruin seize him by surprise.

5 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er;
Expects some favourable breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.

6 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
And he enjoys the sight no more;
Nor does he now believe it true,
That he had even seen the shore.

7 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
He'll reach the port for which he's bound;
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And safety is where he is found.

SCENE OF TROUBLES.

C. M.

458. *Afflictions and death under Providence.*
Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to care and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

459. (460.) L. M.
Sanctified affliction.

1 FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand:
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord!
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The Law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more

Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

460. (463.) L. M.

1 THE darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs!
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs.
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive:
God bids the soul, that seeks him, live;
And, from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these water'd furrows sown.
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves and bring them home;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

461. C. M.

Affliction sanctified. Ps. xlii.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;

Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can reinstate my peace,
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

A WARFARE

C. M.

462. *Holy Fortitude.* 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas!

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine!

463. C. M.

Conflict between sin and holiness.

1 WHEN heaven does grant at certain times,
Amidst a pow'rful gale,
Sweet liberty to moan my crimes,
And wand'rings to bewail—

2 Then do I dream my sinful brood
Is drown'd in the wide main
Of crystal tears and crimson blood,
And ne'er will live again.

3 I get my foes beneath my feet,
I bruise the serpent's head;
I hope the vict'ry is complete,
And all my lusts are dead.

4 But ah, alas! th' ensuing hour
My passions rise and swell;
They rage and reinforce their pow'r
With new recruits from hell.

464. C. M.

Pleading with God under affliction.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

A DESERT.

C. M.

465. *The Desert.* 1 Pet. v. 8.

1 WHEN night descends in sable guise,
And spreads her gloom around,
To close the weary traveller's eyes,
And rest him on the ground,

2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
The wanderer faints to hear,
The wild alarm on every side,
Which speaks some danger near.

3 So in this wilderness of life,
Whene'er afflictions come,
We sink, as in a night of grief,
Far from our sheltering home.

apter's, like a lion's roar,
ds through the vale abroad,
let us watch, and ever more
Depend upon our God.

5 From every other help afar,
And left without a friend,
God is a helper ever near,
And faithful to the end.

8. CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

466. (261.) C. M.

The confidence of the Christian.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd:
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall:
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

467. L. M.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round,
For ever be thy name ador'd;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led:

The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the rock of ages move!
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

S. M.

468. *It shall be well with the righteous.*
Isa. iii. 10.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;

'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin, arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.

469. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest;

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day!

470. C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliv'rer come:
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

471. (324.) L. M.

Safety in God.

1 COURAGE, my soul! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

2 Tho' thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away:
My steadfast heart on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

3 Tho' billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul;
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

4 In life, his presence is my aid;
In death, 'twill guide me thro' the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

472. C. M.

God's Presence is Light.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers *I am his!*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Sh uld bear me conqueror through.

L. M.

473. *No Trust in the Creatures; or, Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne·
In all my fears in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due:
'He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For Sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

9 CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

C. M.

474. *Meditations on future Glory.*

1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home!

2 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul,
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve, and sin, no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was lain:
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me!
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee!

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence know!

7 O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away!

475. P. M.

Soul happy on a Death-Bed.

1 EV'RY moment brings me nearer
To my long sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher—
O how happy to remove;
Then, for ever,
Shall I sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—
Join the bright, angelic race,
There repeat the pleasing story—
I was sav'd by sovereign grace:

And for ever
View my loving Saviour's face.

3 Tho' my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain,
Jesus Christ will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain:
Precious Saviour,
With my Lord I shall remain.

C. M.

476. *View of Canaan.* Deut. xxxii. 49.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;

Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

P. M.

477. *Longing for Heaven.* Job. iii. 17—22. Is. li. 14. Phil. i. 23.

1 TO languish for his native air
Can the poor, wandering exile cease?
The tir'd his wish of rest forbear?
The tortur'd help desiring ease?
The slave no more for freedom sigh
Or I no longer pine to die?

2 As shipwreck'd mariners desire,
With eager grasp, to reach the shore
As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,
And veterans wish their warfare o'er;
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for—*immortality.*

3 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
And all within me groans, "how long?"
O were I landed in the skies!
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
Should there no more my soul molest,
Or break my everlasting rest.

4 O could I break this carnal fence,
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
On angel's wings remove from hence,
And fly this happy moment home,
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
And launch into eternal day!

P. M.

478. *The dying Christian.* Deut. xxxii. 49. 50

1 JESUS, help thy fallen creature!
Conqueror of the world thou art,
Stronger than the foe, and greater
Than this poor rebellious heart:
Power I know to thee is given,
Power to sentence or release,
Power to shut or open heaven;
Thou alone hast all the keys.

2 Open, then, in great compassion,
Open mercy's door to me,
Out of mighty tribulation
Bring me forth thy face to see;
O cut short my days of mourning
Quickly to my rescue come,
Let me joyfully returning
Reach my everlasting home.

3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
Banish'd from my native place,
Languishing for God, and groaning
To appear before thy face:
From this bodily oppression
Set my earnest spirit free,
Give me now the full possession,
Let me now thy glory see.

4 If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promis'd land,
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On that heavenly border stand,
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
Into thine embraces fly;
Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,
Bid me get me up, and die.

479. L. M.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ.
Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;

Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight,
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

480. (492.) L. M.
The Dying Christian.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear:
To heal their sorrow, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms!

6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home
Now, O my God! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

P. M.

481. *Life resigned; or, waiting to depart.*

1 Chron. xxix. 28. Job viii. 16. Phil. i. 23.

1 O 'TIS enough! I ask no more,
Full of a few sad sinful days,
Sated with life, till life is o'er,
I languish to conclude my race,
And silently resign my breath,
And sink into the shades of death.

2 This earth without regret I leave;
Impatient for my heav'nly rest;
Saviour, my weary soul receive,
Take a sad pilgrim to thy breast,
I only live, and die, to be
Restor'd, resorb'd, and lost in thee.

(493.) P. M.

482. *Dying Saint to his Soul.*

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

1. THE WORD OF GOD.

☞ *See Hymns from* 1 *to* 12 *inclusive.*

2. PRAYER—PRIVATE.

L. M.

483. *Pray without ceasing.* 1 Thes. v. 17

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

4 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there.

5 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress—
If cares distract, or fears dismay—
If guilt deject—if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee!—pray.

6 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken—language lame;
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

L. M.

484. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there!

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—

Gives excercise to faith and love—
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplications sent—
Your cheerful songs should oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me:"

S. M.

485. *Importunate prayer prevalent with God*
Luke xviii. 1—7.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear
And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?

Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

486. C. M.

Private devotion. Matt. vi. 6

1 FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

487. C. M.

Behold he prayeth. Acts ix. 11.

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice
And say,—"Behold he prays."

SOCIAL.

P. M.

488. *Private Meetings.* Matt. xviii. 20.

1 "WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be,' saith God, "to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,'
Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free:
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

C. M.

489. *Renewing the Mercies of God.* 2 Sam. vii. 18.

1 FAIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God;
And tell the riches of thy grace
The merits of thy blood.

2 With Israel's King, my heart would cry,
While I review thy ways,

Tell me, my Saviour, who am I,
That I should see thy face?

3 Form'd by thine hand, and form'd for thee,
I would be ever thine:
My Saviour, make my spirit free,
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell
On thy redeeming grace;
O for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise.

3. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

490. *The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels know

L. M.

491. *The Happiness of humble Worship.*
Psalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!

Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

4 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

L. M.

492. *To be sung between prayer and sermon.*

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

C. M.

493. *For christian worship.*

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!

Send down a coal of heav'nly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

494. L. M.

Before Sermon.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear:

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day.

495. C. M.
Before Sermon.

1 JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore.
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and satan's power!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The harlness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

496. C. M.
Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal;
Thy glorious righteousness.

497. P. M.
Humble Request. Jer. xxix. 13.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;

Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

498. P. M.
Prayer for Minister and People.

1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That the truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast;
Let Thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

499. (359.) S. M.
Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy Zion, Lord!
The house of thine abode;
The church, O blest Redeemer! sav'd
With thy own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny:
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe:
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;

To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

500. (363.) P. M.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

501. (365.) C. M.

1 THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread.
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

502. (366.) L. M.

1 LORD! 'tis a pleasant thing, to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand.
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Shall make them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show,
The Lord is holy, just, and true.
None, that attend his courts shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

503. (369.) L. M.

Preparation for worship.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United pray'rs ascend on high;
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.

4 Father! my soul would here abide;
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

504. (370.) C. M.
Readiness to serve God in his house.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

505. (373.) L. M.
The Sabbath preparatory to heaven.

1 LORD of the sabbath! hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thy house;

And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine!.

506. (375.) L. M.

The sweetness of the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;

And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

507. (376.) C. M.

The Sabbath commemorates Christ's resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own.
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day arose our glorious head,
And death's dread empire fell,
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosannah! the anointed King
Ascends his destin'd throne:
To God your grateful homage bring,
And his Messiah own.

4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men
With messages of grace;
Who came in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

4. BAPTISM.—OF INFANTS.

508. (383.) S. M.

Baptism of children.

1 LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To ev'ry virtuous race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:

Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which in the promise of thy love
Includes our rising race!

5 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

509. (584.) C. M.
Infant Baptism.

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)
Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to save such souls as these,
With pow'r and love I came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 Thus Lydia's house was sanctified,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His family to the Lord.

5 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The gospel of his grace.

6 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy care, O God! we trust;
And let thy promise cheer our hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

510. C. M.

Infant Baptism. Mark x. 14.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy spirit Lord
And wash him with thy blood.

6 ["Thus to their parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home."]

OF ADULTS.

511. (382.) C. M.

Of Adults.

1 "PROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;

He who believes and is baptis'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the Christian race;
And in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away;
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

L. M.

512. *Baptism.* Matt. xxviii. 18, 23.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means enjoin'd by Thee,
Make good our Apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promis'd presence find.

3 Father in these reveal thy son,
In these for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us Thou always art,
Establish now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless thine ordinance Divine.

5 Spirit divine, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,

The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 Oh! that the souls baptiz'd herein,
May now thy truth and mercy feel:
Arise, and wash away their sin—
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

5. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

☞ *See Hymns from* 99 *to* 171 *inclusive.*

513. L. M.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper. Is. liii. 1, 2, 3.

1 WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies?
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he!
I know him by the smiles he wears!
Dear glorious man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3 Lo! he reveals his shining breast,
I own those wounds, and I adore;
Lo! he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of those sharp pangs he bore!

4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love the table spread
For such unworthy worms as we!

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

(387.) L. M.

514. *The institution of the Lord's Supper.*

1 'TWAS on that dreadful, doleful night,
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

C. M.

515. *Welcome to the Table.*

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup:
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd, to fill the cup.

2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

516. (390.) S. M.
Communion at the Lord's Table

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board:
Here those he died to save may hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one:
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

3 We are the sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise!

517. (392.) L. M.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows, what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

518. S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb:
Our passover was slain,
At Salem's hallowed place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice;
By faith his flesh we'll eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God out of his holy seat
Shall all his gifts bestow;

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;
As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!
The mortal pang is past!
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last,

We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

519. C. M.

1 O THOU, who this mysterious bread
Didst in Emmaus break,
Return herewith our souls to feed,
And to thy foll'wers speak.

2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,
Apply the gospel word;
Open our eyes to see thy face,
Our hearts, to know thee, Lord.

3 Of thee we still commune, and mourn
Till thou the veil remove:
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn,
With flames of perfect love.

4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,
And make thy mercy known,
And give our pardon'd souls to feel
That God and love are one.

520. (388.) L. M.

The Eucharist commemorative.

1 "EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend!"
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see.
Thy table food celestial yields;
And happy they, who sit with thee.

4 But oh! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!

(389.) L. M.

521. *The Eucharist commanded by Jesus.*

1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request.
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend:
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.

2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng;
Him ye exalt in swelling song;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.

3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep?
The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?

4 Shall he, who, sinful men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies?

5 Christians! unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name.
On earth extol his wondrous love;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

(391.) C. M.

522. *Communicants must love Christ and one another.*

1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide:

Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

4 Let each the sacred law fulfil,
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

5 Let none, who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

523. L. M.

Meditating on the Cross of Christ.

1 COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3 'Tis He, 'tis He!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' imperishable skies.

4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

524. C. M.
A Sacramental Hymn.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.'

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

525. C. M.
My flesh is meat indeed. John vi. 53—55.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 His body torn with rudest hands
Becomes the finest bread;
And, with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

4 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

6 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

526. (395.) L. M.

1 MY God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd;
With warm desire let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;

And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.

5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light or feel the sun!

527. (397.) C. M.

1 PITY the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy faithful race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

KINGDOM AND CHURCH OF CHRIST.

1. GENERAL AND MISSIONARY HYMNS.

528. (175.) L. M.
Effusion of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Were by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,
The heathens saw thy glory, Lord!
And, wond'ring, bless'd thy gracious word.

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,
And the whole race of man confess
The beauty of thy holiness!

529. (177.) L. M.

The kingdom of Christ shall cover earth.

1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with grateful song;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
The sting of death is known no more:
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

530. P. M.

Rev. xiv. 2, 3.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:—
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:—

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:—
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

L. M.

531. *The Universal Reign of Christ.* Rev. xi. 15. and xiv. 3.

1 HARK! what triumphant strains are these,
Which echo through the vault of heaven?
"To Jesus once on Calvary slain,
The kingdoms of the earth are given."

2 Hark! the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeem'd can raise;
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.

3 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him universal King;
But saints—the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.

4 The wonders of his dying love,
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,
While with extatic joy they shout
New honours to his sacred name.

5 From every kindred, every tongue,
From barbarous nations long unknown,
From polish'd Greeks and Scythians rude,
A countless host surround the throne.

6 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of victory in their hand,

With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

7 [And still till time shall be no more,
The mighty concourse shall increase;
And Jesus gain, in heathen lands,
New subjects of the reign of peace.]

(180.) C. M.

532. *Desire for the spread of the gospel.*

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word,
And vassals long enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

P. M.

533. Ps. lxxxvii. 3. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray

P. M.

534. *Kingdom of Christ.*

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the pris'ners chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
The gospel to repel,
By cruelties and lies:

Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain;
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

3 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave:
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet;
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

4 All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approve his cause;
And distant isles receive his laws.

5 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed leaven
Diffus'd abroad must be;
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen, amen!

535. L. M.

Prospect of Success. John iv. 35, 36.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part,

Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.

6 From eastern to the western skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

C. M.

536. *Missionaries.* Psalm lxxii. 7, 8.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold!

6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

L. M.

537. *Fall of Babylon predicted.* Rev. xiv. 6–8.

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise,
The ransom'd heathen world to call.

2 Now see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The gospel tidings to convey
To ev'ry land beneath the sky!

3 See the kind native of Pelew
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, for a Saviour's precious name,
Throw his mean idols to the ground.

4 O see, on Otaheite's isle,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore.

5 See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffered, died, and rose again,
That all his sins might be forgiv'n:

6 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd, attentive eye;
And hear him ask—"For wretched me,
Did this divine Redeemer die?"

7 "Ah! why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this?
Go now, let ev'ry sinner hear,
And share in such exalted bliss!"

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy curs'd foundation shall give way;
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display!

P. M.

538. *Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.* Isaiah xlix. 22. Isaiah lx. 4. 5.

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,

All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease,
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

P. M.

539. *Cry aloud, spare not.* Is. lxiii. 1.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth,
Go proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save."

Go where Christ was never named;
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult;
Hurt his work they never can.

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend,
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

L. M.

540. *For Missionary Associations.*

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand
The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star,
Has call'd thy people from afar.

2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway:
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.

4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive— our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and Oh! impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!

5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wand'ring spirit home:

From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

L. M.

541. *Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
Be with us on this solemn day:
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are, combine
To aid this glorious work of thine.

3 [Point us to men of upright mind,
Devoted, diligent, and kind;
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
And light to guide them in the road.

4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead;
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.]

5 Great let the bands of those be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound:
And let Barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.

6 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

7 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace, and love, and concord reign;
The aged and the infant tongue
Unite in one harmonious song.

L. M.

542. *Prayer on the Scarcity of Gospel Missionaries.* Luke x. 2.

1 LORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain,

Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,
To purge their parents' dismal stain;

2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation show;
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful labourers are few.

4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among that dark, bewilder'd race;
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

5 Then shall they shout thy honour'd name,
And sound thy matchless praise abroad;
And we will join them in the theme,
Salvation to our risen God.

L. M.

543. *Prayer for the Success of Missions*

1 GO, friends of Jesus, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
And speak his ever precious name,
To all the wond'ring nations round.

2 Go, tell the unletter'd, wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a pardon bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 Go, tell the panting, sable chief
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come with a refreshing stream,
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,
Of Otaheite and Pelew,
That in the covenant of grace,
Their unknown names are written too.

5 Go tell, on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refin'd;
And tell them, tho' they'll scarce believe,
You come, the friend of human kind.

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love;
And by its own divine effects,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

544. C. M.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish, thro' Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What tho' your arduous track may lie
Thro' regions dark as death;
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path:

3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,
And, arm'd with pow'r divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labours shine.

4 He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not tho' earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

545. P. M.

GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high!

2 Go to many a tropic isle
On the bosom of the deep;
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the blacks for ever weep.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the balmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

4 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,—
Bid each dreary region smile,
Lovely as the promis'd land.

5 In yon wilds of stream and shade,
Many an Indian wigwam trace;
And with words of love persuade
Savages to sue for grace.

6 Circumnavigate the Ball—
Visit ev'ry soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all;
Jesus' love is full and free.

546. L. M.
Missionaries. Dan. ii. 45.

1 EXERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,

And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, asham'd,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in diff'rent tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
Shall meet a brother, and a friend.

547. L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all:
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth and truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

548. L. M.
Spread of the Gospel.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control.

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 'Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law:
And antichrist on ev'ry shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.'

4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores—thro' India's ground;
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

6 O that from Zion now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine:
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

549. L. M.
Missionary Exertions; or, Christ proclaimed to the World. Is. lxii. 10—12.

1 GO through the gates ('tis God commands)
Workers with God, the charge obey,

Remove whate'er his work withstands,
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

2 Lift up for all mankind to see
The standard of their Saviour God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.

3 Sion, thy suffering Prince behold,
Thy Saviour and Salvation too,
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.

4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills.

5 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,
With him all needful grace is given,
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

P. M.

550. *Farewell to Missionaries.*

1 GO, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim 'Redeeming blood;'
Publish to each barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God:
Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.

2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,
May the Spirit seal the word,
And, thro' plenteous grace abounding,
Heathen bow and own the Lord;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be ador'd.

3 Distant tho' our souls are blending
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,
Brethren—we'll remember you:

Heav'n preserve you,
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finish'd,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,
Find acceptance thro' the Son;
Thence admitted,
Dwell for ever near his throne.

5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
Make the heavenly arches ring:
Grace to sinful men abounding,
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing;
While, with rapture,
All adore their heav'nly King.

C. M.

551. *The Missionaries' farewell.*

1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,
And tender ties we know;
But love, more strong than death, unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our ev'ry passion mov'd,
The gushing tear-drop starts;
The cause of Jesus more belov'd,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where He is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With the warm wish our bosoms swell,
Our glowing pow'rs expand;
Farewell—then we can say,—Farewell,
Our friends, our native land!

S. M.

552. *Ordination and departure of Missionaries.*

1 YE Messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey:
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

L. M.

553. *Prayer for Israel.*

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed,
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From those adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Thro' ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Rejecting whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
No—thou wilt bid them turn and look
On him they pierc'd, and mourn and pray.

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That they may sing redeeming love.

L. M.

554. *Pleading for the Conversion of the Jews*

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead
Thy chosen flock the desert through,
And from between the cherubim
Thy mercy and thy favour show.

2 And though their sins provoked thee oft,
To give them to their foes a prey,
Yet didst thou, for thy mercy sake
As often turn thy wrath away.

3 But, ah! they fill'd the measure up
Of all their aggravated guilt,
When on the hill of Calvary
The blood of thine own Son they spilt.

4 And now for ages they have been
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,
Wandering through all the earth, as those
In whom thou hast no more delight.

5 Yet is thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be again restor'd,
And with the gentile church unite
To worship and to serve the Lord.

6 Our faith in expectation waits,
To see that glorious morning rise,
O bid the shadows flee away,
And satisfy our longing eyes.

2. PASTORAL.

P. M.

555. *For meetings of theological students or of ministers.*

1 BAND of brethren, who are given
To the Lamb of Calvary,

Call'd to preach the reign of heaven,
And the gospel jubilee:
Jesus asks us;
"Simon Peter, lov'st thou me?"

2 Lord, thou knowest that we love thee;
Oh for grace to love thee more:
Let our notes of praise now move thee
Down upon our souls to pour
Thy good Spirit,
Then we all shall love thee more.

3 When the sacred page we ponder,
Shine upon it from above,
When we gaze with deepest wonder
On the bleeding Saviour's love,
Holy Spirit,
Then our warm affections move.

4 Teach us all our high vocation,
Fill us with the love of souls,
Spread abroad thy great salvation
From the centre to the poles,
Till the Saviour
Sees the travail of his soul.

5 Grant us heav'nly strength and blessing,
To be faithful to the end,
Let not one thy love possessing
Join at last th' Iscariot band!
O the traitor!
Save us, Jesus, from his end!

6 Sooner may the rocks and mountains
Fall upon us from on high,
And our life blood's deepest fountains
In our inmost souls go dry,
Than betray him
Who to save us left the sky.

556. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,

Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preacher's crowd;
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all atoning blood.

5 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."

6 A double portion from above,
Of thine all-quick'ning grace impart;
Shed forth thy universal love,
In every faithful Pastor's heart.

L. M.

557. *Ministerial Love.* Job xxix. 2—4.

1 O THAT I were as heretofore;
When first sent forth in Jesus' name,
I rush'd through every open door,
And cried to all, "behold the Lamb!"

2 The God who kills and makes alive,
To me the quickening power impart;
Thy grace restore, thy work revive,
Retouch my lips, renew my heart.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me for thy glory live.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine:
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine.

P. M.

558. *Minister's Complaint.* Gal. iv. 16.

1 WHAT contradictions meet,
In ministers' employ!
It is a bitter sweet—
A sorrow full of joy;
No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace!

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade

The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest-joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

559. P. M.

The Minister's Prayer.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, if thou indeed
Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed,
(Thy meanest servant me,)
O may I all thy burdens share,
And gently in my bosom bear,
The lambs redeem'd by thee.

2 Thy Spirit send me from above,
Spirit of meek, long-suffering love,
Of all-sufficient grace;
Endue me with thy constant mind,
So good, so obstinately kind
To our rebellious race.

3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
Give me to minister thy word,
And in thy steps to tread;
By every sore temptation tried,
By sufferings fully qualified
Thy ailing flock to lead.

560. L. M.

1 HIGH on his everlasting throne
The King of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

3 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands

They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's land.

4 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down.

5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit they every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

561. L. M.

1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

562. S. M.

Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 13.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;

My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal,
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
And hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

L. M.

563. *The Pastor's wish for his People.*
Phil. iv. 1.

1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness:
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,

Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such *is* your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

C. M.

564. *Minister's Farewell Charge.*
Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day:
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heav'n they meet again with joy,
Secure no more to part;
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

(430.) L. M.

565. *At the ordination or settlement of a minister.*

1 THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show,
That you're commission'd from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labour sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserv'd until the final day!

L. M.

566. *The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.* Eph. iv. 8. 11, 12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier form to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And led by Christ their graces live;
While guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

C. M.

567. *Watching for Souls in the View of the great Account.* Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how shall we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

568. (431.) L. M.
Succession of ministers.

1 GREAT Lord of Angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And, 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do!

2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.

3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band,
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

4 O blest employment! glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts
And all their joys and honours share?

5 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

569. L. M.
Prayer for Ministers.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

3. CONGREGATIONAL.—SEEKING A MINISTER.

L. M.

570. *A church seeking Direction from God in the choice of a Pastor.* Ezra viii. 21.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall rais.
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

HAVING OBTAINED A MINISTER.

P. M.

571. *At the Coming of a Minister.*

1 WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,
Messenger of Jesus' grace!
O how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
Welcome herald,
Priest of God, thy people's joy.

2 Saviour, bless his message to us,
Give us hearts to hear thy word
Speaking pardon, dearly purchas'd
By the sufferings of our Lord;
O reveal it,
To our poor and helpless souls.

3 Give reward of grace and glory
To thy faithful labourer dear,
Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and prayer.
Bless, O bless him,
Now, henceforth, for evermore!

L. M.

572. *At the Settlement of a Minister.*

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

C. M.

573. *Praise to God for a Gospel Minister after the decease of another.*

1 TO thy great name, O Prince of peace,
Our grateful songs we raise:
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

2 In widow'd state these walls no more
Their mourning weeds shall wear;
Thy messenger shall joy restore,
And ev'ry loss repair.

3 Thy providence our souls admire,
With joy its windings trace;
And shout, in one united choir,
The triumphs of thy grace.

4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
Here let thy presence dwell;
And thousands, loos'd from Satan's chain,
Raise from the brink of hell.

5 Distressed churches pity, Lord,
Their dismal breaches close,
Their sons unite in sweet accord,
And troubled minds compose.

6 In all be purity maintain'd,
Peace like a river flow;
And pious zeal, and love unfeign'd,
In ev'ry bosom glow.

574. L. M.

People's prayer for their Minister.

1 WITH heavenly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

SICKNESS OF THEIR MINISTER.

575. L. M.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,

Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

3 Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hope and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can naught prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost;

5 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way;
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him through the dreary shade.

6 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

THE MINISTER GOING ON A JOURNEY.

576. S. M.
Minister going a Journey

1 SINCE we are call'd to part
From our beloved friend,
We take our leave as one in heart,
And him to God commend.

2 Go with thy servant, Lord,
His ev'ry step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

3 Preserve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand;
To keep him from the sland'rous tongue,
And persecuting band.

4 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou to the list'ning crowd
His faithful labours bless.

5 Shine on his works below,
With ever gracious beams;
Till thou in heaven his crown bestow
Adorn'd with brighter gems.

6 We for his journey pray,
Nor may our prayers cease,
That God would bless him in his way
And bring him back in peace.

7 Farewell, dear pastor, go—
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above.

DEATH OF THEIR MINISTER.

C. M.

577. *Funeral of a faithful Minister.*

1 FAR from affliction, toil, and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The Churches' loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb;
Oh, may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

578. (433. C. M.
For a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And let our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His hand still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord! are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.

5 Exert thy sacred influence here;
Thy mourning servants bless;
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

STATE OF DECLINE.

579. L. M.
For a Church in a low Condition.
Psalm li. 18.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast rais'd,
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd:
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell should yet assail,—
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
Oh pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants supply.

7 Oh show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

580. P. M.
Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die: Lord, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen! Lord, &c

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show: Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud: Lord, &c

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again!
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares: Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

L. M.

581. *Wheat and tares.* Matt. xiii. 37—42.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow,

Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

582. L. M.

God entreated for Zion. Is. lxii. 6, 7.

For a Day of Public Humiliation, or a Day of Prayer for the Revival of Religion.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Lord, let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar,
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

5 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.

6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

7 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise:
And Zion made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise:

IN A STATE OF REVIVAL.

583. C. M.
Luke. xv. 10.

1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleas'd with the news the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing
And strike the sounding lyre.

584. C. M.

1 CONVINC'D of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth:
And saints in pray'r cry, "Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth:—

4 "From this glad hour exert thy pow'r,
And melt each stubborn heart;
In those that bleed, let love succeed,
And holy joys impart."

5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord:
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

585. P. M.
Isa. lii. 7.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mourn'ful,
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scorn'ful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

586. P. M.

1 NOW we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night;
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flowret grows,
There refresh the wand'rer weary,
With the sight of Sharon's Rose,
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.

3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the murd'rous serpents hiss,
There exchange the dismal howling
For the pleasing calm of peace;
And for ever
May destruction's empire cease.

4 Oh, let all the world adore thee-
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

587. P. M.
Isaiah lii. 10.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand·
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Thro' the world in ev'ry land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

ON ADDMITTING MEMBERS TO SACRAMENTAL COMMUNION.—CONFIRMATION HYMNS.

588. L. M.
Prayer for opposers of revivals.

1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
Of those who hate and mock our praise.
Pity their state, and make them turn,
No more to walk in sinful ways.

2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
Who never think of heav'n or hell;

They laugh and sport, and court the gate,
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
A soul all enmity to thee,
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.

4 Lead them to view a holy law,
Which justly dooms to endless death,
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
And pray'd, 'Forgive,' with dying breath.

5 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
To hear condemning justice sound;
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears
Will witness grief to all around.

589. L. M.
Admitting a Member.

1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

3 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love:
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

4 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal,
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

5 Truly our fellowship below
With thee, and with the Father is;

In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

6 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And then shall all be lost in love.

L. M.

590. *On the first approach at the Lord's Table or confirmation.*

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld—
Accept what I so freely yield!

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live—thine would I die—
Be thine thro' all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

5 Be thou the witness of my vow—
Angels and men attest it too,
That to thy board I now repair,
And seal the sacred contract there.

6 Here at thy cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;

Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

591. L. M.
On Admission of new Members.
Gen. xxiv. 31.

1 WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thy hand to join,
As partner of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're trav'lling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day.

3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

592. L. M.
Welcome to young Converts.

1 WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,
To this rich gospel feast of love—
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold by faith communion sweet,
With Christ our dear and common Lord.

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!

4 Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre
While list'ning worlds the song approve,
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

FOR ELECTION OF CHURCH OFFICERS.

593. L. M.

At a Choice of church officers.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy officers are thine
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of such whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread,
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread!

4 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve:
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.

5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee!

6 And when the work to them assign'd—
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A CHURCH.

594. L. M.

Laying the corner stone for a church.

1 TO day we lay the corner stone,
To rear our sacred walls upon,
A house for God, who's pledg'd to be
Where he is sought by two or three.

2 Where I record my name, says he,
And where my children honour me,
There I will come to own and bless
My ordinances with success.

3 But Jesus is the corner stone,
For us to build our hopes upon;
On him the edifice may rise
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.

4 When storms and tempests round prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail;
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,
On him securely we abide.

5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

6 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

God of the churches! thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

(428.) L. M.

595. *On opening a new place of worship.*

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?

We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honour raise:
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here!

596. (529.) P. M.

God invited to dwell in his church.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise:
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days.
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 Then, King of glory! come;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own.
Within this house O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies.
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heav'n around

4 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of Seraphim above;

And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

5 In peace, here may our sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days.
Here, Lord! display thy saving pow'r,
While churches stand and saints adore.

C. M.

597. *On opening a Place of Worship.*

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Lega[illegible]m all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awa[illegible] many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

1. SEASONS.

(70.) L. M.

598. *The seasons formed by God's control.*

1 GREAT God, at whose all-pow'rful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame!
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain or purpled vine;
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strength'ning bread or cheering wine.

6 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see; we taste;—let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

L. M.

599. *The seasons crowned with goodness.*
Psalm lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail the Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land:
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores,
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. M.

600. *Jesus seen in the Seasons; or, I will praise the Lord at all times.*

1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song,
Seems to speak his dying groans!

3 Summer has a thousand charms
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.

6 Evening with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shows an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

SPRING.

601. C. M.
Spring.

1 BLEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
Compell'd to yield the day:
The sun returning in his strength
Drives all the storms away.

2 Behold the youthful spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The flowers spontaneous spring;
And warbling birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.

4 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high
Break through these clouds and shine!
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

6 Till then—no softly-warbling thrush,
Nor cowslips' sweet perfume,
Nor beauties of each painted bush,
Can dissipate my gloom.

602. C. M.

The Spring improved.

1 BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers
Beauteous around us spring;
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
Invite our hearts to sing.

3 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

4 O! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

SUMMER AND HARVEST.

603. C. M.

Summer—a Harvest Hymn.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;

Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

604. C. M.
Threatening Drought.

1 THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers
To adorn her reign, appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

4 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send!

AUTUMN.

605. L. M.

Autumn. Jer. viii. 20.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes make the rolling year;
As time, with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests low'r!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above,
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

WINTER.

606. C. M.

Winter. Job xxxviii. 29, 30.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains;
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;

And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, when mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
The soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore:
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter chills no more.

NEW YEAR.

607. (409.) L. M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows:
Let mercy, crown it, till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;

Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

608. (410.) L. M.
Dependence on God.

1 GOD of our lives! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year:
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,
And wake anew our annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the dark regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run!

3 We yet survive: but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I shall retain my vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death?

4 That breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign;
Make us and own us still as thine:
Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming shore
Where years and death are known no more.

L. M.

609. *The barren Fig-tree.* Luke xiii. 6—9.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;

Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

3 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great Deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

P. M.

610. *New Year's Day.* Luke xiii. 6—9.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground:
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord,
Cried, "Let it still alone."

The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year,

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

2. MORNING HYMNS.

611. P. M.

Morning Song.

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays:
O may the life preserv'd by thee,
With all its powers and blessings, be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Israel's great keeper, King of kings,
My weary head found rest:
No dire alarms or racking pains,
Devouring flames or galling chains,
Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many, since I laid me down,
Have launch'd into a world unknown,
To meet a dreadful doom:
While some on wat'ry billows tost,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sigh'd in vain for home.

4 But I am spar'd to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,

And live to praise thy name:
Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide, and by thy word
Peace to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In ev'ry storm my heart to cheer,
Till thou shalt bid me rise,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
Till at my blest eternal home
I wake in sweet surprise.

612. (398.) L. M.

God renews his mercies morning and evening.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual hymns of praise.

613. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

Psalm xix. 5. 8. and lxxiii. 24. 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

614. C. M.
A Morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,

And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

(399.) C. M.

615. *Hymn for morning and evening.*

1 HOSANNAH with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares our path surround,
And yet secure we stand.

2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r,
Which form'd us with a word!
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And mercy guards the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morn cannot assure,
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

(400.) C. M.

616. *Praise to God in the morning.*

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,

Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay;
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend:
From ev'ry trespass, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

617. (401.) L. M.
The morning emblematic of eternal day.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be:
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend;
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress:
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the raptures of the skies.

618. S. M.
Morning Song.

1 SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care,
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame.
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am?

5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee:
And in thy blessed presence spend
A long eternity.

619. C. M.
God's Goodness renewed every Morning and Evening.

1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendour gay
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

620. (403.) C. M.
Seeking divine protection in the morning.

1 TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates my day;
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray;

Give me to feel the grateful heart,
That, without guilt, is gay.

4 Affliction should'st thou please to send,
As sin's or folly's cure:
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and ev'ry future day
Still wiser than the past;
That, from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

621. (402.) L. M.
Resolutions in the morning.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord! I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design to do or say;
That all my pow'rs with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

622. S. M.
Morning.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!

The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
May Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all our stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past:
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

623. P. M.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labour, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

624. (372.) L. M. *The Lord's day.*

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.

4 With joy, great God! thy works we view
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

625. L. M. *The Sabbath.* Ps. lxxxiv. 10

1 OUR Sabbaths come so welcome on,
We wish them to remain awhile,
But soon, alas! their joys are gone,
And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."

2 Full many are the hours of grief,
Allotted to the sons of men,

Our Sabbaths bring a short relief,
Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days! and thou blest sun!
Why roll ye in such haste away?
Ye happy hours! why flow ye on
So fast towards eternity?

4 O! if ye bring an endless day,
Speed fast along, nor ever cease;
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,
In perfect and enduring bliss.

C. M.

626. *Sabbath Morning.* Psalm cxviii. 24.

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

3 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing Sunday show'r
Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heavenly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.

C. M.

627. *Sabbath Morning.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep
On this sweet day of rest;

O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found:
I'd clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made for ever blest.

628. P. M.
Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee

3 Here we're come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints.
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

629. (405.) L. M.
Confidence in God.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And strength supplies for days to come

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow of my head:
His ever watchful eye will keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving kindness on my heart!

EVENING HYMNS.

L. M.

630. *An Evening Hymn.* Job viii. 9.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone,
To tell thy secrets, O my soul;
Faithful before th' eternal throne
Thy slightest folly 'twill enrol.

4 Another fleeting day is gone,
To join the fugitives before:
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more,

5 Another fleeting day is gone,
And soon a fairer day shall rise;
A day, whose never-setting sun,
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

6 Another fleeting day is gone,
In solemn silence rest, my soul;
Bend—bend before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll!

631. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;

'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

632. P. M.
Evening Hymn.

1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:

2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free:
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee.

4 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thine image rise.

633. C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;

For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less then they.

4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

634. C. M.

Evening.

INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close my eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

635. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;

May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

636. P. M.

1 WHAT if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian-angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!

5 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell!

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest:
Welcome sleep, or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee.

637. C. M. *Evening Hymn.*

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, our love, awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue:
Sleep not when mercies loudly cal.
Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

638. C. M. *Lord's Day Evening.*

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between!

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

639. L. M.
Lord's Day Evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

640. C. M.
An Evening Song.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise!
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

C. M.

641. *Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high:
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings:
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

642. (407.) C. M.

1 LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray
I am for ever thine:

I fear before thee all the day
Nor would I dare to sin.

7 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free;
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

8 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

9 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep!

BIRTHDAY HYMNS.

613. P. M.

For a Birthday.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live,

To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

P. M.

644. *A Birthday Hymn.* Acts xxvi. 22.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

6. WEDDING HYMNS.

C. M.

645. *A Wedding Hymn.*

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

6 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

646. L. M.
Marriage.

1 WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' Eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise,
To him whose name is God alone.

2 On this auspicious eve, draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.

4 Oh, guide them safe, this desert through,
Mid all the cares of life and love;

At length with joy thy face to view,
In fairer, better worlds above.

7. MEETING AND PARTING OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

L. M.

647. *A Welcome to Christian Friends—at Meeting.*

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him;
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

P. M.

648. *Visiting a Friend.*

1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!

Let the Spirit now come down:
Let the blessings now take place
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ my Master, and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be:
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come!
Save our souls from inbred sin!
Make us thine eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest
Till the promise is fulfill'd:
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd,
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

649. S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are!

2 Jesus, the corner stone,
Did first our hearts unite!
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;

And lo! we see the vast reward,
Which waits us in the skies!

5 O let our hearts and mind
Continually ascend;
That heaven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'rings and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

650. C. M.
At parting.

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again;
Oh, may thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

651. P. M.
The same.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

8. FOR THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

652. (451.) C. M.
Advantages of religion in youth.

1 HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.

4 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us, to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine!

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

(452.) L. M.

653. *A call to the young.*

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults:
The works of darkness men have done
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With bitt'rest curses on his head.

4 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

5 God of the young! turn off their eyes,
From earth's alluring vanities;
And let the warnings of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord!

L. M.

654. *Prayer for the children of the Church.*

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From thy secure enclosure's bound;
And, lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,—
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;

Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

(233.) S. M.

655. *Evil effects of neglected education.*

1 BEHOLD, O Israel's God!
From thine exalted throne,
And view the dang'rous state of those
Thou call'st to be thy own.

2 The children of thy flock,
By early cov'nant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding souls
On ev'ry idol's shrine!

3 To indolence and pride
What piteous victims made!
Crush'd in their parents' fond embrace,
And by their love betray'd.

4 By pleasure's polish'd dart
What numbers here are slain!
What numbers there for slaughter bound
In Mammon's golden chain!

5 O let thine arm awake
And dash the idols down:
O call the captives of their pow'r
Thy treasure and thy crown.

6 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,
To be forgot no more!

C. M.

656. *Old Age.* Isaiah xlvi. 4.

1 MY flying years, time urges on;
What's mortal must decay;

My friends—my youth's companions gon
Can I expect to stay?

2 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cine then prolong my breath?
Or virtue shield my heart?

3 Oh! no—then smooth, O Lord, the hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

4 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels guard the way,)
With rapture haste to thine abode,
To dwell in endless day.

5 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy love I'll then proclaim:
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

8. PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

C. M.

657. *Parents' Prayer for their Children. O that Ishmael might live before thee.*—Gen. xvii. 18.

1 THUS did the pious Abrah'm pray
For his beloved son:
Let parents in the present day
His language make their own.

2 Tho' they with God in cov'nant be,
And have their heav'n in view;
They are unhappy till they see
Their children happy too.

3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow;
And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech
To tell the griefs they know.

4 See the fond father clasp his child;
Hark! how his bowels move:
"Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
From God my Father's love?

5 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
To darkness and despair;
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell for ever there?

6 Kind heaven, the dreadful scene forbid!
Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
I'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did—
May I obtain success!"

S. M.

658. *Prayer for infants; or, Children, day by day, given to God.*

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name;
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

L. M.

659. *Prayer of parents for their offspring.*

1 NOW, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry!
The good desir'd and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply!

2 Error and ignorance remove,
The blindness of their heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind.

3 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here!
On them recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character!

4 Unite, what long has been disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety;
Learning and holiness combin'd,
And truth and love let all men see.

5 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified.

660.

P. M.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to thy word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the good example set
To those that on my pleasure wait;
The stumbling-block remove:
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A foll'wer of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And wish to lead my family
In the celestial road.

4 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,
I strive my family to win,
That they may be forgiven;
The children, Lord, and servants bless,
And through the paths of righteousness
Conduct us all to heaven.

10. COLLECTIONS.

L. M.

661. *Liberality.*

1 O!! what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run!

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

C. M.

662. *Providing Bags that wax not old.*
Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

L. M.

663. *Liberality.*—Hag. ii. 8.

1 THE gold and silver are the Lord's.
And ev'ry blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich for ever more?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver or my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That what thy bounty render'd mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

(131.) L. M.

664. *Imitation of Christ in doing good.*

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace
Which spread salvation thro' our race.

2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he, who marks from day to day
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

C. M.

665. *Relieving Christ in his Members.*
Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;

What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

II. SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

C. M.

666. *The Importance of Educating Youth.*

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race

From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

667. L. M.

The same.

Congregation.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to thy praise:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
Thy goodness snatch'd our souls away.

Congregation.

3 O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?

Children.

4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
May we the sacred scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart,
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee.

668. L. M.

Sunday School.

Congregation.

1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which we would to thy honour raise;

Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

Children.

2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion show,
In kindly pointing out the road,
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Congregation.

3 We claim no merit of our own;
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To carry on this great design.

Children.

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Congregation.

5 With those dear children, we'll unite;
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

Children.

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

Congregation.

And crown thy work with great success;

Both.

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

669. L. M.

Sunday School.

Congregation.

1 O WHAT a pleasure 'tis to see
Christians in harmony agree,
To teach the rising race to know
They're born in sin, expos'd to wo!

Children.

2 O what a privilege is this,
That we obtain so rich a grace!
We're taught the path to endless day—
We're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

Chorus.

To God let highest praise be giv'n;
Hark! how the echo sounds from heaven
Come, let us with the angels join—
Glory to God, good will to men.

Congregation.

3 Lord, thou hast said, in sacred page,
That children are thy heritage:
Accept them, bless them with thy grace,
Till they above behold thy face.

Children.

4 Let blessings in abundance flow
On all around us here below;
May we our benefactors meet,
Around Jehovah's blissful seat,

Chorus.

To God, let highest praise be giv'n,
Hark! how, &c.

670. C. M.
Sunday School.

Boys.

1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day,
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.

Girls.

2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,
That are to Jesus due!
Children and parents, how they live!
And how they perish too!

Boys.

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heavenly truth;
We hail once more the plan of love
That pities wand'ring youth.

Girls.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
Too oft we find it so;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

Boys.

5 Teach us the way, while here we learn
To read thy holy word;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us thine, O Lord.

Both.

6 Praise to our God, and thanks to those
Who thus our souls befriend;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them thy blessing send.

671. S. M.
Sunday School.

Boys.

1 LORD, in the days of youth
May we in grace improve;
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Saviour's dying love!

Girls.

2 Our moments haste away,
With ev'ry heaving breath;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.

Boys.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care;
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thine house of pray'r.

Girls.

4 Lord give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand;
In trouble may we find thee near—
A Saviour close at hand!

Boys.

5 Through life's dark rugged road,
Thus far we're kept by thee:
May heaven at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.

Girls.

6 Blest be our God, who lives,
And reigns with boundless sway;
Richly our benefactor gives:
We'll praise him all the day.

Both.

7 Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more;
And through a long eternity,
A God in Christ adore.

12. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

C. M.

672. *Hope in Sickness.*

1 LORD! I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of providence,
When those who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath their heavy rod.

4 The mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease;

While every groan my Father hears;
And every tear he sees.

5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings!
Give it, O God! thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings!

673. L. M.

Life and Death in the Hands of God.

1 Sam. ii. 6. Job. xiv. 5, 6. Ps. xc. 3. Rev. i. 18.

1 WHEN mortal man resigns his breath,
'Tis God directs the shafts of death,
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger:

2 The keys are in that hand divine;
That hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death, and wing the dart,
Which speeds his message to our heart.

3 Who first inspir'd the breath of lives,
The living kills, the dead revives,
Brings to the margin of the grave,
And shows us thence his power to save:

4 From hence if thou my body raise,
I'll publish my Restorer's praise,
My life at thy dear hands receive,
And only for thy glory live.

674. C. M.

Sick bed Devotion; or, pleading without repining.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

S. M.

675. *Sick bed reflections.*

1 JUST o'er the grave I hung—
No pardon met my eyes,
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.

2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long—dark night,
With no succeeding day.

3 Then—Oh, how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past—like flow'rs that blow
When wint'ry storms are nigh.

4 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense and sin.

5 The work—the mighty work
Of life, so long delay'd—

Repentance yet to be begun
Upon a dying bed

676. C. M.

1 'TIS hard, from those we love, to go,
Who weep beside our bed,
Whose tears bedew our burning brow,
Whose arm supports our head:

2 When fading from the dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain;
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

3 'Tis dreadful when th' accuser's pow'r
Assails the sinking heart,
Recalling ev'ry wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

4 Yet, Jesus, in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in an autumn day,
Across my darken'd soul.

5 When soon, or late, this feeble breath
No more to thee can pray,
Support me thro' the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

6 When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait thy dread decree;
Judge of the world, remember then
That thou hast died for me.

677. (437.) C. M.

God our help in trouble.

1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it passeth on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long lab'ring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away;
And you, my eye-lids, soon shall close
On the last glimm'ring ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I receive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature and of grace!
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And ev'ry secret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Well notic'd by thine ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty pow'r,
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to songs.

678. (438.) P. M.
On recovering from disease.

1 HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days!

2 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears;
And to him, who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.

3 When my heart throbb'd with pain and alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame;—
Then my soul on my Maker was staid.

4 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save;

Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.

5 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of calamity's night,
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.

6 Great source of my comforts restor'd!
Thou healer and balm of my woes!
Thou hope and desire of my soul!
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.

7 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise!
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days!

679. (439.) L. M.
The frailty of man.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
And when thy face was turn'd aside,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 Hear me, O God of grace! I said,
And raise me from among the dead:
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt;
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

4 I will extol thee, Lord, on high·
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

5 Thine anger but a moment stays;
Thy love is life and length of days:

Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

680. (440.) C. M.

God delivereth his saints from affliction.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

4 The Lord beheld me sore distrest;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest;
For thou hast known his love.

681. L. M.

John iv. 35.

1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Behold the fields already white!
The glorious harvest now is come;
See ransom'd sinners flocking home.

2 Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd;
Their former sins and follies mourn;
They bow, and to their God return.

3 Improve the harvest fleeting fast,
Ere yet the shining season past,
When all the work of life shall end,
The last—the long dark night descend.

C. M.

682. *Sickness and Recovery.*

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest

5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign.
In firm dependence on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come:
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,
To my celestial home.

C. M.

683. *Affliction, or Meditation on God's Love.*

Ps. civ. 34.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

P. M.

681. *Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.*

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.

3 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ—ye frighten
But *my soul* defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands;
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Naught shall pluck you from my hands:'
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

5 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

13. PUBLIC AND NATIONAL BLESSINGS AND AFFLICTIONS.

685. (412.) L. M.

Thanksgiving.

1 PRAISE, happy land! Jehovah's name;
His goodness, and thy bliss proclaim:
For thee each blessing largely flows,
That freedom's lib'ral hand bestows.

2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And well the springing corn defends.

4 But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise:
To all our land his laws are shown;
His gospel's through the nation known.

686. (414,) C. M.

National security from God.

1 IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide:
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2 His wisdom sees correction meet;
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.

3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4 Mortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

687. S. M.

In time of war.

1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise;
But comes at length, in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,
And, stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd!

7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

8 The sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurl'd;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

L, M.

688. *In Time of War.* Ps. xlvi.

1 ON Thee, great Ruler of the skies,
On thee our steadfast hope relies;
When hostile powers against us join,
What aid so present, Lord, as thine?

2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
And whirl her hills into the deep;—

3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
That deep in all its horrors rise,
While, as the tumult spreads around,
The mountains tremble at the sound.

4 Behold fair *Sion's* blest retreat,
Where God has fixt his awful seat;
Whose walls to heaven's almighty Lord
His chosen residence afford.

5 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids storms around her harmless fly;

His early care each foe withstands,
And backward turns the yielding bands.

689. L. M.
Prayer for Peace.

1 WHILE Justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r
With fear and trembling we adore.

2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

3 While peace and plenty blest our days,
Where was the tribute of our praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent!

4 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.

5 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead thy promise, Lord;
That when an humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns?

6 O let thy sov'reign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart;
And bid sincere repentance flow,
In general, undissembled wo.

7 Fair smiling peace again restore;
With plenty bless the pining poor:
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

690. L. M.
Prayer for Peace.—Amos iii. 1—6.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,

O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears:
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee our guardian God we call—
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—
To our forsaken God we turn!
O spare our guilty country—spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises.—
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down,
On guilty lands in helpless woe:
Let them prevail to save us too.

691. C. M. *For a Public Fast.*

1 SEE, gracious God before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'

4 What land so favour'd of the skies,
As these apostate States!
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian's name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy unbounded grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

692. L. M.
Confession and Prayer.

1 OH may the power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear!

2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot;
While other nations far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;

And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.

6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

693. (427.) P. M.
Praise for deliverance and peace.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme.
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

2 Breezes! whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

4 Vocal songsters of the grove!
Sweetly chant in notes of love,
Now when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

5 Mortals, who these blessings feel!
Christians, who before him kneel!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

4. FOR THE PRESIDENT, CONGRESS, MAGISTRATES, &c.

L. M.

694. *Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.*

1 GREAT Lord of all, thy matchless power
Archangels in the heavens adore;
With them our Sov'reign thee we own,
And bow the knee before thy throne,

2 Let dove-ey'd peace with odour'd wing,
On us her grateful blessings fling;
Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,
And plenty fill her ample horn.

3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,
His days with heavenly wisdom crown
Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,
To lanch the stream that duty shows.

4 Over our Capitol diffuse,
From hills divine, thy welcome dews,
While Congress, in one patriot band,
Prove the firm fortress of our land.

5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,
Nor let them bear the sword in vain;
Long as they fill their awful seat,
Be vice seen dying at their feet.

6 For ever from the western sky,
Bid the 'destroying angel' fly!
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,
And round us blaze a wall of fire.

(350.) L. M.

695. *Religious toleration ought to be defended by our rulers.*

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind,

To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus! thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

5 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held!
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

DEATH.

1. DEATH IN GENERAL.

C. M.

696. 1 Sam. xv. 32.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies:

3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;

When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

L. M.

697. *The living know, &c.* Eccl. ix. 5.

1 WHERE are the dead?—In heav'n or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,
Reserv'd until the judgment day.

2 Who are the dead?—The sons of time
In ev'ry age, and state, and clime;
Renown'd, dishonour'd or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where pray'r is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or wo the heirs:
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

698. S. M.

1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

699. L. M.
The Tolling Bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

700. C. M.
The Sting of Death is Sin.

1 WHENCE has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer wo?

2 The cause is conscience—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

3 Then anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evils then seem light, compar'd
With the approach of death.

4 'Tis judgment shakes him—there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

5 *Pay!*—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
And calm descend to *yours*.

701. (472.) C. M.
The voice of the tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers!
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

702. (473.) C. M.
The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
A fleeting hour of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

703. (474.) C. M.
Death at hand.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Good God! on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Yet while a world of joy or wo
Depends on ev'ry breath,
Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

6 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

704. (475.) L. M.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r;
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!

5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve:
And, while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above!

705. (478.) L. M.
Numbering our days.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve, by thy unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,—
That country whence there's no return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

706. (481.) L. M.
Man fading and reviving.

1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast and death devour,
If heav'n must recompense our pains;

Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

707. (488.) C. M.

Victory over death.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array;
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow;
And vict'ry waits his arms.

3 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
Jesus, my Saviour, lives:
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 O may I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine!
Sustain'd by his almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

5 Lord! I commit my soul to thee:
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

6 O let me join angelic lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
In everlasting song!

708. L. M.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:

Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

709. S. M.
Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,

Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

2. DEATH OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

710. (444.) C. M.

1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn;
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead

4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys;
Let hope our grief dispel:
The dead in Jesus shall arise,
In endless bliss to dwell.

711. (448.) L. M.

On the death of a parent.

1 THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your wo.

2 And, while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend!
With hearts resign'd, his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children come
Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light!
Yet, when he calls them to their home
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

4 His word—here let your souls rely
Immortal consolation gives:

Your heav'nly Father cannot die,
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.

5 O be that best of friends your trust;
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust;
Can give you comforts more divine.

712. (487.) C. M.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes,
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
She calms the swelling wo;
In hope we meet our happy friends,
And tears forget to flow.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

3. DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

C. M.

713. *Children dying in their Infancy in the arms of Jesus.* Matt. xix. 14.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord!
With transport all divine;
Thy image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.

4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

714. (446.) C. M.
On the death of a child.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore

Shall rise in full immortal prime
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

C. M.

715. *At the Funeral of a young Person.*

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impress
With awful power,—'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

4. DEATH OF THE PIOUS.

P. M.

716. *The dying Christian.*

1 "SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!

Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"
Thus th' Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 "Prisoner—long detain'd below!
Prisoner—now with freedom blest!
Welcome—from a world of wo!
Welcome—to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the region of the sky!

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!
"Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And *Eternity* thy day!"—

717. L. M.

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss
To heav'n directs his wond'rous way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes;

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part!

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;

Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die!

C. M.

718. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise,
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

719. C. M.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"

Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view,
Then let us foll'wers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

720. (490.) P. M.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse from sin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The Christian's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow!
See bending angels downwards bow,
To lift his soul on high!
While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes;
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast:
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.

4 O grant, my Saviour, and my friend!
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,

So calm my ev'ning close;
While, loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee from whom I rose!

C. M.

721. *Death and immediate Glory.* 2 Cor. iv. 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

(491.) C. M.

722. *Blessed are they that die in the Lord.*

1 HARK! from on high a solemn voice;
Let all attentive hear!
'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
And vanquish ev'ry fear.

2 "Thrice blessed are the pious dead,
Who in the Lord shall die;
Their weary flesh, as on a bed,
Safe in the grave shall lie.

3 Their holy souls, at length releas'd,
To heav'n shall take their flight;
There to enjoy eternal rest,
And infinite delight.

4 They drop each load as they ascend,
And quit this world of wo;
Their labours with their life shall end,
Their rest no period know.

5 Their conflicts with their busy foes
For evermore shall cease;
None shall their happiness oppose,
Nor interrupt their peace.

6 But bright rewards shall recompense
Their faithful service here;
And perfect love shall banish thence
Each gloomy doubt and fear."

L. M.

723. *The grave.* Job iii. 17.

1 THE grave is now a favour'd spot,—
To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

5. DEATH OF THE WICKED.

L. M.

724. *The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.*

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow; he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss:—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear!
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

6 Lord! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

C. M.

725. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,

Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of boundless love
That promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

C. M.

726. *The Death of a Sinner.*

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead:
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Lingering about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Fortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well ensur'd his love!

RESURRECTION.

727. (498.) L. M.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more;
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours:
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

728. (497.) L. M.

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign:
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine!
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there!

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

C. M.

729. *Hope in the Resurrection.*

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injur'd King
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

730. (495.) C. M.
The resurrection of the just.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades!
The dawn of heav'n appears:
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, "ye dead, arise,"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the mid-way air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

JUDGMENT.

731. P. M.
Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17. 20.

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain:

Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Piere'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne;
Saviour! take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

732. P. M.

The Day of Judgment.

1 DAY of judgment,—day of wonders.
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
'Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels hast thy part!'

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

L. M.

733. *Judgment.* Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!

He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, O, for ever lost!

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire;
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

734. L. M.

Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men!
Each word and deed now public made,
Written by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To ev'ry soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine:
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

735. P. M.

Judgment. Jude 14, 15.

1 LO, he comes, array'd in vengeance,
Riding down the heavenly road:
Floods of fury roll before him—
Who can meet an angry God?
Tremble, sinners,
Who can stand before his rod?

2 Lo, he comes in glory shining:
Saints, arise and meet your king!
Glorious captain of salvation,
Welcome, welcome, hear them sing!
Shouts of triumph
Make the heavens with echoes ring!

3 Now despisers, look and wonder!
Hear the dreadful sound 'depart,'
Rattling like a peal of thunder,
Thro' each guilty rebel's heart!
Lost for ever,
Hope and sinners here must part!

4 Still they hear the awful sentence,
Hell resounds the dreadful roar;
While their heartstrings twine with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore!!
Justice seals it—
Down they sink to rise no more!

5 How they shrink, with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide!
Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide!
Now consider,
Ye who scorn the Lamb that died!

6 Hark! ten thousand harps resounding!
Form'd in bright and grand array:

See the glorious armies rising,
While their captain leads the way!
Heaven before them
Opens an eternal day.

P. M.

736. *Judgment.* Matt. xxiv. 32. xxv. 31.-46

1 LO, he comes, the King of glory,
With his chosen tribes to reign;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty conqu'ror's train:
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.

2 See the rocks and mountains rending,
All the nations fill'd with dread:
Hark! the trump of God proclaiming
Thro' the mansions of the dead,
"Come to judgment,"
Stand before the Son of Man.

3 Hear the chief among ten thousand,
Thus address his faithful few;
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Heaven is prepar'd for you:
I was hungry, I was thirsty,
And ye minister'd to me."

4 But how awful is the sentence,
"Go from me, ye cursed race,
To that place of endless torment,
Never more to see my face.
I was hungry, I was thirsty,
Ye to me no mercy show'd."

5 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
While thy wrath o'er sinners roll:
In this gen'ral wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul:
Jesus, save me, Jesus save me, when the light[ning
Blaze around from pole to pole.

737. P. M.
Luke xiii. 28

1 SEE th' Eternal Judge descending—
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again,
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part,
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

ETERNITY.

1. HAPPINESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

738. (518.) C. M.
The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er:
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

739. C. M. *The everlasting Song.*

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
Jesus, my love they sing!

Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 There ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

C. M.

740. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

6 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

741. L. M.
View of Heaven.

1 WHEN faith beholds the saints above,
And hears their strains of Jesus' love;
I fain would fly to join their lays,
And sing with them my Saviour's praise.

2 But can my soul such bliss obtain,
Whose guilt deserves eternal pain?
Can I expect his face to see
Throughout a vast eternity?

3 If heaven be mine, 'tis all of grace,
I'll praise him for the lowest place;
May I but reach within the door,
My anxious soul desires no more.

4 'There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I with you would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his lovely face.'

742. (510.) C. M.
The delights of heaven inconceivable.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

743. (513.) C. M.

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,
With all your feeble light,
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight

744. (515.) C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest!
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

745. (516.) C. M.

Anticipation of Heaven.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright,
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

716. L. M.

Saints' employ in Heaven.

Rev. vii. 9—17.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand;
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"

2 These are the saints, belov'd of God—
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they?

4 Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their king;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

747. (520.) L. M.
Heaven alone can satisfy the soul.

1 FROM this world's joys and senseless mirth,
O come, my soul! in haste retire;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heav'n aspire.

2 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry wish and want supply;
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.

3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot.

4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast:
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

5 There dwells the sov'reign Lord of all,
The God that all the worlds adore;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for ever more.

748. P. M.
Heaven. John xiv. 2.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love!

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tor'ting pain, and heavy wo.

3 But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

5 Happy Spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

6 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

749. L. M.
Longing for Glory.

1 I'M bound for New Jerusalem,
Thither my best beloved's gone:
The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,
'Tis he I've fix'd my heart upon.

2 Fain would I climb above the skies,
To see the beauties of his face;
My faith would into vision rise,
And hope would cease in his embrace.

3 I languish with extreme desire,
The object of my love to see;
O let me in love's flames expire,
That I may with my Jesus be.

4 This life's a pilgrimage of care;
When will the happy season come,
That I shall breathe celestial air,
And settle in my native home?

2. PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

750. L. M.
Hell.—Mark ix. 48.

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapours rise.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And wo and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with wo,
And bite their everlasting chains;
But with their rage their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.

5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And ever dying, never die!

6 'Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."

751. S. M.
The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked. Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes!

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 'Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came.'

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

DISMISSIONS.

752. P. M.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us!
Trav'lling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

753. L. M.

Dismission; or, a parting Hymn.

1 CHRISTIANS and brethren! ere we part
Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart;
One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise ye, his saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

754. L. M.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

755. P. M.

1 THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end;
'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

756. S. M.
Dismission.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r;
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of ev'ry person here.

2 And if we meet no more,
On Zion's holy ground;
O may we reach that blissful shore,
Where all thy saints are bound.

757. P. M.
At parting. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord:
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

758. (380.) P. M.

1 THANKS for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord! thy peace and love;
And when life's short course is run,
Take us to thy house above.

759. (381.) L. M.

The Christian farewell.

1 THY presence, everlasting God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain;
When sep'rate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.

3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

DOXOLOGIES.

760. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

761. C. M.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

762. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be everlasting honours paid,
Henceforth, for evermore.

763. C. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise;
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Give an immortal praise.

764. C. M.

ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Coequal honours done.

765. P. M.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

766. S. M.

YE angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
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FORMULA

FOR THE

GOVERNMENT AND DISCIPLINE

OF THE

EVAN. LUTHERAN CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES.

Section I. We believe that from an examination of the works of nature and the course of events, we may derive evidence of the existence of God and the prominent truths of natural religion.*

Sec. II. But that the evidence of natural religion is not such, as to afford us a satisfactory knowledge of the nature of God and our relation to him; nor it; influence sufficient to urge us to duty;† and that therefore a farther revelation from God is desirable.

Sec. III. We believe that such a revelation God has given, at sundry times and in divers manners unto the fathers, and in later days by his *Divine Son* Jesus Christ, and his inspired servants;‡ and that this revelation is contained in the books known in protestant christendom, as the Old§ and New Testament; that every individual is bound to receive this as his infallible rule of faith and practice, and to be governed by it.‖

Sec. IV. We hold that liberty of conscience and the free exercise of private judgment in matters of

* Rom. i. 20. † Acts iv. 12. Rom. iii. 1, 2. ‡ Heb. i. 1, 2. § 2 Tim. iii. 16. ‖ John v 39. Acts xvii. 11. John xiv. 16, 17.

religion, are natural and unalienable rights of men, of which no government, civil or ecclesiastical can deprive us.*

Sec. V. As order is necessary to the prosperity of every associate body, and as Jesus Christ has left no entire, specific form of Government and Discipline for his church; it is the duty of every individual Church to adopt such regulations as appear to them most consistent with the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, and best calculated to subserve the interests of the church of Christ.

Sec. VI. And as men exercising the right of private judgment, agree in the opinion, that Christianity requires a social connexion among its professors, and as experience proves that men will differ in some of their views of doctrine and discipline; and as too much difference of opinion would be prejudicial to the objects of the association; therefore reason dictates that those of similar views should associate together, that it is their duty to require for admission to church-membership among them, or for induction into the sacred office, and for continuance in either, such terms as they deem most accordant with the precepts and spirit of the Bible.

Sec. VII. Upon the broad basis of these principles, was the Evangelic Lutheran Church founded immediately after the Reformation. Adhering to the same principles, the Church in America is governed by *three Judicatories:* the *Council* of each individual Church, the *District Synods* consisting of all the clergy and an equal number of laymen from a particular district of country, and one GENERAL SYNOD formed by representatives from all the different Synods of the Lutheran Church. The ratio of clerical and lay-representatives is determined in the Constitution of the GENERAL SYNOD; and the *powers* of this body are only those of an *Advisory Council.*

* Rom. II. 13. 15, and others. Dan. vi. 1, 23. Acts iv. 19

CHAPTER II.

OF THE CHURCH.

PART I.

OF THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

Sec. I. The true or invisible Church of Christ is the collective body of all* those of every religious denomination in the world, who are in a state of grace.†

II. The true Church of Christ is a spiritual‡ society, consisting of members whose qualifications§ are spiritual, and who are associated for spiritual purposes.‖

III. It is a catholic or universal¶ society: its members not being confined to any particular nation or religious denomination.

PART II.

OF THE EXTERNAL OR VISIBLE CHURCH.

Sec. I. The visible church is the collective body of those who profess the Christian religion; consisting of all those who have been admitted to membership by baptism,** and have not been deprived of it by excommunication.

II. Of this society our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the true and only head;†† having neither abandoned his church nor appointed any vicar in his stead.

III. As the spirit of christianity leads its possessors to social intercourse‡‡ with each other; and as such a connexion is essential to the accomplish-

* Eph. iv. 1. 7. † Matt. vii. 21. xii. 50. Acts x. 35. ‡ John xviii. 36. § 1 John iv. 13. ‖ Eph. iv. 12. 1 Thess. v. 11. ¶ 1 Cor. i. 2. John x. 16. Rom xii. 4. Eph. iv. 4. 6. ** Matt. xxviii. 19. †† Eph. v. 23, 24. i 22. ‡‡ John xiii. 34 35. Eph. iv. 3. v 19

ment of the object of the christian church; and as such a relation can subsist only among persons of contiguous residence; therefore christians, living near together have, from the time of the Apostles,* formed themselves into societies for the better attainment of the objects of the christian institution. And every society participates in the duties of the whole church.

IV. It is the duty of every such society and of the visible church at large, to have the word and sacraments administered in their purity,† to give an adequate and just support to the pastor or pastors who minister unto them, to provide for the perpetuation of an able and faithful ministry,‡ and to endeavour to propagate the gospel to the ends of the earth.§

V. It is the duty of the church to watch over the purity and faithfulness of her members.‖

VI. The jurisdiction of the church is purely spiritual; it ought to have no connexion with the civil government,¶ neither ought its decisions be enforced by the arm of civil power.

VII. The power of the church is purely *declarative*, whether exercised by an individual church-council, or by any other ecclesiastical judicatory; i. e. the *Bible* is their juridical code, and their decisions are valid only because founded on scripture.

VIII. The visible church is not an association to which we may belong or not at our option; but it is the duty of every one who has an opportunity, to be a faithful member of it.**

* Acts ii. 41. 1 Thess. ii. 14. Gal. i. 22. † 1 Tim. iv. 6. vi. 3. 5. Gal. i. 8, 9. ‡ Tit. i. 5. 2 Tim. ii. 2. § Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. ‖ 1 Cor. v. 7. 13. ¶ John xviii. 36. ** Matt. xxviii. 19. xi. 28, 29

CHAPTER III.

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH

OF PASTORS.

Sec. I. Our Lord and Saviour himself instituted the clerical office in the New Testament church, and made it of perpetual standing.* The persons filling this office, are in scripture designated by different names, as bishop, presbyter or elder, &c.† indicative of the duties of the office. All these are by divine right of equal rank,‡ and their duties are principally these: *to expound the word of God, to conduct the public worship of God,§ to administer the sacraments of the church,‖ and to admonish men of their duties,*¶ as well as by all proper means, public and private, to edify the church of Christ.

II. Those other officers who were endowed with miraculous gifts, and whose instrumentality Christ used in first forming the church, were extraordinary and of temporary standing.

III. Pastors are amenable for their conduct to the Synod to which they belong; and that Synod is the tribunal which has the entire jurisdiction over them: excepting in those cases, where a regular appeal is obtained to the General Synod, agreeably to Art. iii, sec. v. 1, 2. of the Constitution of General Synod.

IV. No minister shall knowingly grant to a member of another congregation any privileges of the church, which would be denied to said member by his own pastor.

V. It is the sacred duty of every minister so to conduct himself, that his life shall present to his congregations an example of true christian propriety

* Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. 2 Tim. ii. 2. Tit. i. 5. † 1 Cor. iv. 1. Eph. iv. 11. ‡ Luke xxii. 25, 26. Acts xx. 17, compared with 28. § Eph. iv. 11, 12. Acts viii. 28. 31. 1 Pet. v. 1, 2. ‖ Matt. xxviii. 19. 1 Cor. xi. 23. iv. 1. ¶ Acts vi. 2. 6.

of deportment: And should any minister of our church be guilty of an open vice, (which may God in mercy prevent!) it shall be the duty of the church-council earnestly to exhort him several times to reformation; and if this should prove ineffectual, or if the case be such as to bring disgrace upon the church, to report him to the President of the Synod.

OF ELDERS AND DEACONS.

VI. The other officers of the church are Elders and Deacons, who are elected by the members of the church, as their agents to perform some of the duties originally devolving on themselves. The principal duties of Elders are, to aid the pastor or pastors in administering the government and discipline of the church; to endeavour to preserve peace and harmony in the church; to visit the congregational schools, and promote the religious education of the children of the church; and to visit the sick and afflicted; and aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council.

The duties of the Deacons' office are principally these: to lead an exemplary life as commanded in Scripture,* to minister unto the poor,† extending to their wants and distributing faithfully amongst them the collections which may be made for their use; to assist the pastor in the administration of the Eucharist, to attend and render all necessary service at stated worship; to see that their minister receives a just and adequate support according to the commands of our Lord; to administer the temporal concerns of the church; and to aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council. Both these officers are elected by the people, and it is their duty to feel the deepest interest in the advancement of piety among the members of the church, and to exert their utmost influence to promote it.

* 1 Tim. viii. 13, and others † Acts vi. 2. 6.

VII. The elders and deacons are the representatives of the whole church, and each church shall determine the number of their officers and the term of their duration in office; yet in no case shall they serve less than two years, nor more than eight, unless re-elected.

VIII. When persons have been elected to the office of elder or deacon, they shall be inducted into their office according to the form prescribed by the church.* Those congregations which have been in the habit of having trustees, may, if they deem it expedient, still retain them, and continue to them such privileges as they may deem expedient.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE CHURCH-COUNCIL.

Sec. I. The church-council is the lowest judicatory of the church, consisting of the pastor or pastors and all the elders and deacons of a particular church.

II. The pastor, together with half the other existing members of the council, and in the necessary absence of the pastor, two-thirds of the remaining members of the council, shall constitute a quorum.

III. But no business connected with the government or discipline of the church, shall be transacted without the presence of the minister, unless his absence is unavoidable or voluntary, or the church be vacant. And when present, the pastor shall be *ex officio* chairman.

IV. The church-council† shall have the superintendance of all the temporal concerns of the church, and shall see that they are administered with wisdom, faithfulness and justice. They shall also elect a deputy to represent them at the annual Synodical meeting.

* Vide "Liturgy, &c." † 1 Thess v 12, 13.

V. It shall be the duty of the council to admit to membership adults, who shall make application, and whom, on mature examination, they shall judge to be possessed of the qualifications hereafter specified.* They shall be obedient subjects of divine grace—that is, they must either be genuine christians, or satisfy the church-council that they are sincerely endeavouring to become such. Also to admit to the communion of the church, all those who were admitted to church membership in their infancy, and whom on like examination, they shall judge possessed of the above-mentioned qualifications. No one shall be considered a fit subject for confirmation who has not previously attended a course of religious lectures, delivered by the pastor on the most important doctrines and principles of religion; unless the pastor should be satisfied that the applicant's attainments are adequate without this attendance. And when adults are admitted to membership, their baptism shall, if possible, be performed publicly before the church: and when members who were baptized in their infancy are admitted to full communion, they shall in the same public manner *confirm* their baptismal vows according to the form of confirmation customary in the church.

VI. It is recommended to the church-council to keep a complete list of all the communing members of the church.

VII. If any member of the church-council should conduct himself in a manner unworthy of his office, he may be accused before the council, and if found guilty, his case shall be referred to the whole church for decision.

VIII. It shall be the duty of the council to administer the discipline of the church, on all those whose conduct is inconsistent with their christian profession, or who entertain fundamental errors.† To this end they shall have power to cite any of

* Mark xvi. 16. John iii. 5. Acts viii. 12. xvi. 14, 15

† 1 Cor. v. 7. 13

their church members to appear before them; and to endeavour to obtain other witnesses when the case may require it. It shall further be the duty of the council, when any member offends, first privately to admonish him, or if necessary to call him to an account, and when they shall deem these measures ineffectual, to suspend or excommunicate him; that is, to debar him from the privileges peculiar to church membership, according to the precepts of the New Testament laid down in this form. It shall also be their duty to restore* those subjects of suspension or excommunication, to all the privileges of the church, who shall manifest sincere repentance. Every act of excommunication or of restoration may be published to the church, if deemed necessary by the majority of the council.

IX. The church-council may at any time be convened by the minister; and it shall be his duty to call a meeting when requested by two members of the council, or by one fourth of the electors of the church, or when directed by the Synod.

X. It shall be the duty of the church-council to watch over the religious education of the children of the church, and to see that they be occasionally collected, for the purpose of being taught the Catechism of the church, and instructed in the duties and principles of the christian religion. The council of every church shall have the management of the school-house attached to that church, and shall be *ex officio* trustees of the same. They shall endeavour to obtain pious, well qualified and *faithful* teachers, and to see that the children of the church, as far as practicable, attend this school, and that they be there also taught the Catechism of the church, and in general the duties of religion. In all places where there is not yet a school-house attached to the church, they shall encourage the people and endeavour to have one erected. And no person shall teach in any of our congregational school-

* 2 Cor. ii. 7. Gal. vi. 1.

houses without the permission of the church council.

XI. The church-council shall keep a record of their proceedings, of all the baptisms, and of persons admitted to sacramental communion; an abstract of which shall be annually sent to the Synod for inspection.

XII. In all cases of appeal from the decisions of the church-council, the council shall take no further measures grounded on their decision until the sentence has been reviewed by the Synod. But if the decision appealed from be a sentence of suspension or excommunication, it shall immediately take effect and continue in force until reversed by the Synod. And in every case of appeal, the church-council shall send a detailed and correct account of their proceeding in the case, and of the charges and evidence on both sides.

XIII. Any vacant congregation also may send a delegate, to lay its concerns before the Synod: And the church-councils of each clerical district, may annually send to the Synod as many lay delegates, as there are ministers present at the Synod from said district.

CHAPTER V.

OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

Sec. I. The members of any particular church are all those members of the *visible* (see chap. 2, sect. 1.) church, who are associated together under some form of christian government and discipline, for divine worship and the better attainment of the objects of the christian institution

II. Every church member is amenable to the council, and must appear before them when cited,

and submit to the discipline of the church regularly administered.*

III. It is the duty of every church member to lead a christian life: that is, to perform all the duties required of him or her in scripture. Thus it is the duty of adults to perform all the christian duties, not to neglect the public worship of God;† nor the participation of the Lord's Supper‡ whenever an opportunity is afforded. It is the duty of parents to educate their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,§ to teach them the doctrines of the church, and to subject them to the ordinances of the same.‖ And when young members reach the years of maturity and have attained the natural ability to partake of the Lord's Supper in the manner commanded, it is their duty to be worthy communicants at the Lord's table.

IV. Any member being dissatisfied with the decision of the church-council relative to himself, may appeal to the Synod. But in every such case, the applicant shall give notice to the church-council of his intention, either immediately, or within two weeks of the time when the sentence was made known to him; and shall specify to them the reasons of his dissatisfaction, and the ground of his appeal.

V. It is recommended, that when a member of one of our churches moves into the bounds of another, and wishes to be admitted to the privileges of the church, he shall bring with him a certificate of good standing from his former pastor.

VI. It is recommended as accordant with the principles of the New Testament, that the members of the church ought not to prosecute each other before a civil tribunal, until they have first made an attempt to settle their point of difference through the mediation of their christian brethren.

* Tit. iii. 10 Matt. xviii. 17, 18. † Heb. x. 25. Col. iii. 16. Acts ii. 46. Matt. xviii. 20. Exod. xx. 8. Psalm lxxxiv 2, 9, 11. ‡ 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25. § Eph. vi. 4. ‖ Eph. vi. 4. 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.

CHAPTER VI

OF ELECTIONS.

Sec. I. All congregational elections must be published by the church-council to the congregation at least two weeks before the election.

II. The council may publish a congregational meeting for any lawful purpose when they shall deem it necessary, and they shall be compelled so to do, when required by one third of the lawful electors of the church.

III. The electors of any particular church in our connexion, are all those who are in full communion with the same, who submit to its government and discipline regularly administered, and who contribute according to their ability and engagements to all its necessary expenditures.

IV. At all elections for *Elders* or *Deacons*, no person may be elected to either of said offices, who is not a member in full communion with said church.

V. When an election is held in a vacant congregation for a pastor, two thirds of all the electors shall be necessary to an election, and if the votes were not unanimous, it is recommended that the presiding officer shall invite the minority to concur in the decision. He shall give the members a certificate, signed by himself, of the election. This certificate with a statement of the support* which they promise him, shall be a legal call to the pastor therein specified.

VI. At elections for members of the church-council, the existing council shall nominate twice as many persons as are to be elected, and the church may nominate half as many more, from whom the officers may be chosen.

* 1 Tim. v. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 14. Luke x. 7

VII. If, from any cause, a vacancy occurs in the council in the interval between the stated elections, it shall be filled without delay by a special election, and the person thus elected shall serve until the regular expiration of the time of the member in whose place he was elected.

CHAPTER VII.

OF PRAYER-MEETINGS, &c.

Sec. I As Prayer is one of the most necessary duties of a Christian,* and as Prayer-meetings have been of the utmost importance and usefulness, it is therefore most earnestly recommended to the different churches in our connexion, to establish and promote them among our members. These meetings may be held in the church, school-house, or in private houses; and their object is the spiritual edification of the persons present; but the utmost precaution must ever be observed, that God, who is a Spirit, be worshipped in spirit and in truth—that they be characterized by that solemnity and decorum which ought ever to attend divine worship; and that no disorder be tolerated, or any thing that is calculated to interrupt the devotions of those who are convened, or prevent their giving the fullest attention to him who is engaged in leading the meeting;—in short, that according to the injunctions of the Apostle, all things be done "decently and in order."

II. It is solemnly recommended to all church-members, and more especially to the members of the council, to make daily worship in their family a sacred duty.†

* 1 Thess. v. 17. Luke xviii. 1 Col. iv 2. † Acts ii. 44. Eph. vi. 4. Acts x. 12. Jer x. 25.

III. It is recommended that no one shall be permitted in future to act as a sponsor, unless he or she be in full communion with the christian church.

IV. It is expedient that no person be permitted to preach in any of the churches in our connexion, except by consent of the pastor and council of said church, and in the absence of the pastor by permission of the council.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF SYNODS.

Sec. I. It was found necessary and profitable in the primitive church, to have an occasional meeting of different individual churches, for the purpose of consultation and mutual encouragement, in preserving their purity and promoting their welfare.* This apostolical custom is retained in the Lutheran Church, under the name of Conference, Synod, and General Synod.

II. A Synod consists of all the ministers and licensed candidates, and an equal number of lay-delegates, within a certain district.

III. The number of lay-votes can never exceed that of the ordained clergymen and licentiates: and if a lay-delegate be present from a district from which there is no minister present in the Synod, he shall have a seat and the liberty of speech, but no vote.

IV. It shall be the duty of each Synod to see that the rules of government and discipline prescribed in this formula, are observed by all the congregations and ministers within their bounds; to receive appeals from decisions of church-councils, and of special conferences, when regularly brought before them, and review and reverse or confirm the decisions to which they refer; to examine and decide on all charges against ministers and licentiates, that of heterodoxy alone excepted; to form and change ministerial districts; to attend to any business relating to their churches, which is regularly brought before them; to provide supplies for destitute congregations, and to devise and execute all suitable mea-

* Acts xv. 2, 6, 22, 23—28. Acts xi. 22. 30. xxi. 17, 18. Acts vi.

sures for the promotion of piety and the general prosperity of the church, not otherwise disposed of in this formula.

V. To this end the synod and ministerium shall have power to cite any church-members within their bounds to appear before them, and to endeavour to obtain other witnesses, when the case may require it.

VI. If any congregation, hitherto in connexion with a Synod, should refuse to observe the resolutions of said Synod, or the provisions of this formula, it shall be excluded from connexion with said Synod during the time of its refusal; nor shall any other Synod, nor any Lutheran minister or licentiate, take charge of it without special permission of the President. Provided, however, that if the charter of an incorporated congregation be at variance with any articles of this formula, said charter shall have precedence of those articles with which it is in conflict.

VII. Any congregation may become connected with the Synod within whose bounds it is situated, by acceding to the provisions of this formula, and making some annual contribution towards defraying the necessary expenses of said Synod. For this purpose an annual collection ought to be held in each congregation.

VIII. At least one meeting of each Synod shall be held every year, at such time and place as may have been determined on.

IX. No minister or licentiate shall be absent from the meeting of the Synod without the most urgent necessity. In case of his absence he shall, if possible, send to the Synod a written apology for his absence. Voluntary ministerial engagements shall not be regarded as a sufficient excuse. Any minister or licentiate violating the provisions of this section, shall be called to account by the President at the next meeting.

X. These written apologies, as well as all other letters and papers intended for the Synod or Ministerium, ought to be addressed to the President.

XI. The minister of the place in which the Synod

is held, with the church-council, shall endeavour to provide for the entertainment of the ministers, candidates, and lay-delegates, by Christian friends.

XII. All the members of the Synod shall endeavour to assemble on the evening preceding the day appointed.

XIII. Divine worship shall be celebrated, during the meeting of the Synod, as often as may be convenient, and consistent with the business of the Synod.

XIV. Ministers in good standing in other Synods, or in any sister churches, who may happen to be present, or who appear as delegates from said bodies, may be received as advisory members, but cannot vote in any decisions of the Synod.

CHAPTER IX.

OFFICERS OF THE SYNOD.

Sec. I. The officers of each Synod shall be a President, Secretary and Treasurer, who are also the officers of the Ministerium.

II. All these officers are annually chosen by ballot, from among the ordained ministers regularly belonging to the Synod, by a majority of the votes of the ministers, licentiates and lay-delegates present. The same persons shall not be eligible for more than three successive years.

PRESIDENT.

III. The President shall deliver a synodical discourse at the meeting of every Synod; and he shall, in connexion with the pastor of the place, appoint the other individuals who are to preach during the session.

IV. He shall, at the beginning of every Synod, make a written report of all the official business transacted and letters received by him since the last meeting, and of all the important events which have

occurred relating to his Synod, and may recommend for their consideration, any measures which he may deem necessary, or calculated to promote the cause of God. This report shall be laid on the table, and dealt with as with all other papers coming before the body.

V. He presides at all the meetings of the Synod and Ministerium.

VI. The President has a right to take part in the discussions as well as any other member. When the house is equally divided on any question he has the casting vote. In all other cases he has no suffrage, except when an election is made by ballot, and then he has not the casting vote.

VII. The President shall preserve order, not suffer more than one member to speak at a time, secure to each person liberty to speak without interruption from others, and shall prevent a speaker from deviating from the subject before the house.

VIII. The President shall take care that each subject be duly considered before a decision be made. He shall distinctly rehearse each motion, when no one has any further observations to offer, and take the votes of the house on the same.

IX. When the votes are called for, they are to be given simply by yea and nay, and no further observations are then admissible.

X. The President has the appointment of all committees which are not to be elected by ballot, or otherwise; and every motion for the formation of a committee shall specify in what way it is to be formed.

XI. It is an important part of his duty to give counsel to every member of the Synod when he deems it expedient, and particularly to admonish and advise every erring brother. If accusation has been lodged against any member of this body according to ch. iii. sec. v., or if he has reason to believe that any minister or licentiate is living in any material violation of the rules of this formula, it shall be his duty to call upon the individual to relieve his cha-

racter from said imputation, before the Synod or Ministerium.

XII. Should the President remove from the limits of the Synod or depart this life, then the Secretary shall succeed him, and discharge the duties of the President, until the next Synod.

SECRETARY.

XIII. The Secretary shall keep a faithful and accurate account of all the proceedings of the Synod and Ministerium; carefully preserve all the papers, the seal, &c. of the Synod subject to their direction, and shall do all the official writing of the Synod not otherwise provided for.

XIV. He shall give notice (either by circular or in the public papers, as each Synod may direct), to each minister and licentiate belonging to the Synod, of the time and place of the synodical meeting, at least six weeks previous to the time appointed.

XV. He is to keep a register of the names of all the ministers and licensed candidates, arranged according to their age in office, and also of the congregations whether vacant or not, connected with the Synod.

XVI. If the accumulation of business should render it necessary, the President may appoint an assistant Secretary, whose office shall expire at the close of the meeting of the Synod.

XVII. If in the recess of the Synod, the Secretary should remove into the bounds of another Synod, or should depart this life, the President shall require the archives, the seal, and all other property of the Synod to be delivered to him, and shall retain the charge of them until the next session of the Synod, when he shall appoint a Secretary pro tem.

XVIII. Unless the archives are otherwise disposed of by the Synod, they shall be in the charge and custody of the Secretary. Any minister or delegate of a congregation connected with said Synod shall have free access to them; but no part of them shall be allowed to be taken away or destroyed.

TREASURER.

XIX. The Treasurer shall take charge of all the moneys belonging to the Synod, and shall keep them subject to its order. He shall keep and present at each annual meeting, a detailed and faithful account of the state of the treasury.

XX. Should the Treasurer, during the recess of the Synod, remove out of the bounds of the Synod, or be removed by death, the President shall have all the moneys, certificates, bonds, and documents belonging to the Synod, delivered into his hands, and shall have the charge of them until the next Synodical session.

CHAPTER X.

OTHER MEMBERS OF A SYNOD.

I. It is the duty of every ordained minister, licentiate, and lay-delegate of every Synod, not only to observe the provisions of this constitution himself; but also, as far as is in his power, see that it is obeyed by all connected with it.

ORDAINED MINISTERS AND LICENTIATES OR CANDIDATES.

II. It is recommended to every ordained minister and licentiate, to aid in circulating among the members of his charge, the books proposed by the Synod and General Synod for use.

III. No minister or licentiate shall interfere with the congregations of another, by preaching or performing other ministerial duties in them, except by his request or consent, if present; nor in his absence, if he have reason to think that any evil would result to said church.

IV. Any minister or licentiate in good standing who removes from the bounds of one Synod into those of another, shall, on application to the President, receive a certificate, under his signature, of his honourable dismission; and such a certificate

shall be required by the Synod into which he removes, when he applies for admission into it.

V. Every ordained minister has the right to leave his charge and remove to another whenever he believes it his duty to do so; yet he must give the President timely notice of his intended removal.

VI. A licensed candidate shall have liberty to visit vacant congregations, either upon receiving an invitation from them, or upon the advice of the Synod or President.

VII. After a licentiate has a stated charge he shall be restricted to it, and shall not resign it without the consent of the Ministerium, or, in its recess, of the President.

VIII. A licentiate has power to perform all the ministerial functions during the time specified in his license.

IX. In addition to the obligations of ministers specified, ch. iii., sec. 1, it is the duty of licentiates particularly to devote all their leisure time to their personal improvement, and knowledge, and grace, to receive counsel from the President, and to apply to him for advice in cases of difficulty:

X. Every licentiate must keep a general journal of his ministerial acts, which, with a few sermons of his own composition, he must deliver or send annually for the inspection of the Ministerium.

LAY-DELEGATES.

XI. Each lay-delegate, entitled to a seat by this Constitution, shall have equal rights with the ministers in all business belonging to the Synod; that is, may take part in the debates, offer resolutions, and vote on all Synodical questions.

CHAPTER XI.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

It is recommended, that the transactions of the Synod be conducted as follows:

I. At the time appointed for the meeting, the members present shall assemble, and if four ordained ministers and two lay-delegates be present, they shall constitute a quorum.

II. The President shall open the first session by a prayer, after the brethren have unitedly sung an hymn. And every session of the Synod and Ministerium shall be opened and closed with prayer. In the absence of the President, the first prayer shall be made by the Secretary, and if he also be absent, by one of the elder ministers present.

III. After prayer the Secretary shall call the names of all the ordained ministers and licentiates belonging to the Synod, and note the absentees.

IV. The lay-delegates shall then exhibit the certificates of their appointment, and their names be registered by the Secretary as members of the Synod.

V. The President shall make his report (Chap. IX. § IV.,) as the last official act of his office, and then inform the members that

VI. The election of officers for the ensuing year is now to be attended to.

VII. Admission of delegates or ministers from other ecclesiastical bodies: according to Chap. VIII. § XIV.

VIII. The minutes of the last Synod may be read.

IX. All papers intended for the Synod or Ministerium are to be handed in, and verbal notice may be given of any important business intended to be brought before the Synod.

X. The Secretary shall then number the papers as arranged by the President, after which they shall be taken up and discussed before the whole house in numerical order, or be first referred to Committees,

as the house may direct. The reports of Committees may be heard and acted on at any time, and the intervals filled up by the succeeding items.

XI. Each minister shall be called on by the Secretary for the record of persons baptized and confirmed, as well as of the regular communing members belonging to his churches (Chap. iv. § xi.); as also of the number of schools.

XII. The Treasurer's account shall be heard.

XIII. The number of vacant congregations be inquired into, and provision made for them.

XIV. Promiscuous business.

XV. Election of Delegates to the General Synod, or to other ecclesiastical bodies, and of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

XVI. Choice of the time and place for the next meeting of Synod.

XVII. Dissolution of the Synod, and annunciation of the time of the ministerial session.

XVIII. Should the President or Secretary be absent at the proper time for opening a session, the members present may elect others pro tempore.

CHAPTER XII.

PROCESS AGAINST A MINISTER.

I. As the honour and success of the gospel depend very much on the character of its ministers, every Synod ought to guard with the utmost care and impartiality the conduct of its members.

II. All Christians should be very cautious in giving credit or circulation to an ill report of any man, and especially of a minister of the gospel; if any man knows a minister to be guilty of a private censurable fault, he should warn him in private. If this prove fruitless, he should apply to the church-council, who shall proceed as specified in Chap. iii., § 5.

III. If accusation be lodged according to Chap. iii.,

§ 5, with the President within four months of the time of the next Synodical meeting, he shall defer the matter to said meeting; yet if the charge be one of drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental errors in doctrine, or a higher crime, he shall immediately direct the accused to suspend all his ministerial duties until his case is decided. If such accusation is lodged with the President at an earlier date, he shall, if the charge be one of drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental error in doctrine or higher crime, immediately give notice to all the members of the Conference district to which the accused belongs, to meet without delay at a suitable place, and institute a formal investigation of the case, according to the principles of this Formula. The chairman of said Conference district shall immediately fix the time and place of the meeting, and give at least fifteen days' notice of the same to each minister in the district, and also to the parties concerned.

IV. If the Synod is not divided into Conference Districts, the President shall appoint a Committee of three ordained ministers, shall fix the time and place of their meeting, and give all the notices as above required of the Chairman of the Conference district.

V. Any three members of the Conference or of the Committee above named, shall have power to proceed and hold a fair and impartial investigation of the case, and to take all such measures as may be just and necessary to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused.

VI. If the accused confess, and the matter be base and flagitious, such as drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental error in doctrine, or a higher crime, however penitent he may be, he must immediately be suspended from the exercise of his office, and, if thought expedient, a time be appointed for him publicly to confess to the congregation and the world his guilt and penitence.

VII. If a minister, accused of atrocious crimes, being duly notified, refuses to attend the investigation, he shall still be immediately suspended from office

VIII. If the accused deny the charge, and yet on examination of the evidence, is found guilty, the Conference or Committee shall nevertheless proceed to pass sentence on him.

IX. The highest punishment which can be inflicted by a Special Conference or Committee appointed as above specified, is suspension from clerical functions; and this sentence is to be reported to the next meeting of the Synod, and remains in force until reversed by the Synod or Ministerium, as the case may be.

X. Any minister intending to appeal from the decision of a Conference or Committee, shall give notice of it to his accusers within three weeks of the time when the decision was made, that both parties may be prepared for a new trial.

XI. Special Conferences not specially convened for the purpose, may attend to any charges of importance against a minister within their bounds, if all the parties concerned are prepared and willing to proceed.

XII. If, at any time, accusation be lodged with the President, according to Chap. iii., § 5, for a less crime than those above specified, § 3, he shall take no other steps in the case than to write a letter to the accused and accusers, exhorting them to mutual forbearance, and referring them to the next Synod.

XIII. If accusation against a minister be made immediately to the Synod, and the Synod believe themselves in possession of all the evidence necessary to a just decision, the case may be immediately examined and sentence passed. But if the necessary evidence be not before them, and the crime be such as is specified in § 3, they shall appoint a meeting of the Conference to which the accused belongs, or, if there be no Conference district, of a Committee, who shall proceed as above specified.

XIV. If a minister be found guilty of drunkenness, fundamental heresy, lewdness, or higher crimes, his sentence of suspension shall not be removed

until after some time of penitent, humble, and edifying conduct. And he cannot be restored by any other judicatory than the Synod, or by the Ministerium, if his case was one of fundamental heresy.

XV. If the common report of a minister's guilt of any of the charges above specified, be such as seriously to injure the cause of religion, and his own churches do not proceed against him, it shall be the duty of any other minister or layman, having obtained two other signatures of credible men, to report the case to the President.

CHAPTER XIII.

VACANT CONGREGATIONS.

I. Vacant congregations which cannot be immediately supplied with a minister, are advised to assemble on the Lord's day, to select some member of the church, of suitable capacities and character, to conduct the exercises, and engage in the worship of God, as recommended in Chap. vii., § 1.

II. It is also recommended, that at these meetings, a portion of the Scriptures, of the prayers contained in the Liturgy, or some select sermon, such as are approved by the President of the Synod, be read.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF MISSIONS.

As the blessed Saviour left to his followers the command: "Go ye and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you;"* the Synods shall regard it as a sacred duty

* Matt. xxviii 19 20.

to adopt, from time to time, such measures as they may deem best calculated to execute this solemn injunction.

CHAPTER XV.

ELECTION OF DELEGATES AND DIRECTORS.

The election of Delegates to the General Synod, and of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, shall always be held by ballot, and a licensed candidate shall not be eligible to either of these offices.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPECIAL CONFERENCES.

I. It is earnestly recommended that each Synod divide itself into two or more districts, for the purpose of holding Special Conferences; which may be held either on a week-day or sabbath.

II. It is desirable, where ministers do not live too far apart, that at least two Conferences should be held annually in each district. They ought to last two days, and the chief business to be performed at them, is to awaken and convert sinners, and to edify believers by close practical preaching of the Gospel.

III. The state of religion in the churches of the district ought to be inquired into, and at least an hour be spent by the Conference alone in conversation on subjects relating to pastoral experience.

IV. These districts ought to contain between five and ten ministers, and when the number becomes greater, a new district ought to be formed.

V. These Conferences ought to be held alternately, in some congregation of each minister and licentiate belonging to the district.

VI. Special Conferences may examine into any business of congregations, which is regularly referred to them, and give their advice; but no Conference shall, under any pretext whatever, perform any business connected with the licensure or ordination of candidates for the ministry.

VII. Lay-delegates may also be sent to these Conferences, under the same regulations as to Synods, if it is thought advisable by the Synod.

CHAPTER XVII.

MINISTERIAL SESSION.

I. The clergy shall then hold a meeting consisting exclusively of Scripture elders, that is, preachers,* for the purpose of attending to those duties which Christ and his apostles enjoined upon them alone, viz. Examination, Licensure, and Ordination of candidates for the ministry. This meeting is called the Ministerium, or Presbytery,† by which, in Scripture, is meant ministers alone.

II. Licensed candidates may be present at the ministerial meeting, unless requested to withdraw, and may take part in the discussions, but have no vote.

III. The Ministerium shall also be the proper body, by whom all charges of heresy against a minister, are to be examined and decided: as also, all appeals from the decision of a church-council, on a charge of heresy against a layman, or from the decision of a Special Conference, on a similar charge against a minister.

IV. When ordained ministers of other religious denominations, make application for admission into connexion with a Synod, the Ministerium shall be the body to decide on the case.

V. A majority of two thirds of the ordained ministers shall be required, either for the licensure of an

* Acts xx. 17. 28. † 1 Tim. iv. 14.

applicant, as well as the renewal of his license, or the ordination of a licensed candidate, or the admission of an ordained minister of another denomination.

VI. No minister or licentiate, coming from a foreign country, shall be received as a member of any Synod, until after a residence of two years in this country, and unexceptionable deportment during that time. Excepting only, that if an ordained minister comes well recommended for piety and learning, by a Consistorium, or a number of individuals, known to the Ministerium as orthodox and evangelical, and if the Ministerium believe they can safely confide in the testimonials, they may receive him for twelve months, after which the vote for his permanent reception as a regular member shall be taken, and the case decided according to § v.

VII. All business not specifically intrusted to the Ministerium in this Formula, shall belong to the Synod.

VIII. The order of business in the Ministerium may be as follows.

1. After the session has been opened with prayer, the President shall communicate any business which he may have to report or propose.
2. The licentiates shall hand in their licenses, sermons, and journals, which ought, if possible, to be read by the licentiate before the whole body. If want of time renders this inconvenient, Committees ought then to be appointed to examine and report on them.
3. Applicants for licensure are examined.
4. After the examination of the applicants, and of the sermons and journals of licentiates, the applicants and licentiates may be desired to withdraw, and the question of their licensure, and renewal of license, or ordination, be discussed and decided.
5. The licensure and ordination may be performed either in the Ministerium, or at an appointed hour, before a promiscuous assembly.

6. Promiscuous matters relative to ministerial bu siness may then be attended to.
7. Some time shall then be spent in conversation on pastoral experience.
8. The session closed as directed, Chap. xi. § 2.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXAMINATION AND LICENSURE OF CANDIDATES

I. The examination shall be conducted by an examining Committee of two or more ordained ministers, appointed for the purpose at the meeting of the previous year, or by a Committee appointed at the time. As these examinations may be highly interesting and useful to the whole Ministerium, and will be more faithfully performed if public, it is earnestly recommended that they be performed before the whole body.

II. After the examination by the Committee is ended, every member of the Ministerium has the right to ask the applicant any additional questions.

III. The examination shall embrace at least the following subjects: viz. Personal piety, and the motives of the applicant for seeking the holy office, the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, the Evidences of Christianity, Natural and Revealed Theology, Church History, Pastoral Theology, the rules of Sermonizing, and Church Government.

IV. No Ministerium shall, in any case whatever, license an individual whom they do not believe to be hopefully pious. Nor shall any applicant, extraordinary cases excepted, be licensed, whom the Ministerium do not find possessed of a competent acquaintance with the subjects named in § 3, the Hebrew language alone excepted.

V. The *Ceremony of Licensure* shall be performed as follows: viz. after an address from the President as prescribed in the Liturgy, he shall read the duties

and privileges of licentiates in Chap. x. § 6—10, and then propose to him the following questions:

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice?*
2. Do you believe that the fundamental doctrines of the word of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession? †
3. Do you promise, by the aid of God, faithfully to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourself to its rules of government and discipline, so long as you remain a member of a Lutheran Synod? ‡

VI. These questions being answered in the affirmative, the President offers up a suitable prayer, delivers him his license, and concludes with a short address as directed in the Liturgy.

VII. All licenses shall extend to the time of the next annual meeting of the Ministerium, and shall be renewed as a matter of course, whether the licentiate be present or not, unless satisfactory reasons are known to the Ministerium, which render a renewal inexpedient. And if, for any reason, no meeting be held at the appointed time, the licenses granted by said Ministerium shall remain in force, until revoked at a subsequent meeting.

VIII. If a licentiate, after some time of probation, does, in the judgment of the Ministerium, prove himself unqualified for the duties of the ministry, his license shall be withdrawn.

CHAPTER XIX

ORDINATION.

I. Whenever the Ministerium has decided that an individual shall be ordained, the ceremony may be

* Tim. iii. 16. Eph. ii. 20. † 2 Tim. i. 13. ‡ 2 Pet. v. 5.

performed, either at the time by the assembled Ministerium, or if preferred, in the church by which he has been called, by the Special Conference, or by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the President.

II. The ceremony of ordination, wherever performed, shall be as follows: viz.

1. A sermon shall be preached, by a person previously appointed, on the nature, duties, and responsibilities of the ministerial office.
2. The President of the Ministerium, or the Chairman of the Conference or Committee, shall then, after a short address, such as is contained in the Liturgy, propose to the candidate the following questions:

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice?
2. Do you believe that the fundamental doctrines of the word of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession?
3. Do you promise, by the aid of God, faithfully to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourself to its rules of government and discipline, so long as you remain a member of any Lutheran Synod?
4. Do you believe, that in seeking the ministerial office, you are influenced by a sincere love to God your Saviour, and desire to promote his glory in the welfare of men.
5. Do you promise faithfully and zealously to preach the truths of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as contained in the Holy Scriptures?

III. These questions being answered in the affirmative, the candidate shall kneel down, when the President, or presiding minister, shall ordain him after the apostolic example by prayer,* and the laying on of the hands of the ministry,† i. e. presbytery. The candidate shall then rise, and the officiating

* Acts xiii. 2, 3. † 1 Tim. iv. 14.

minister, and after him the ordained ministers present, shall take him by the right hand and welcome him to take part in the ministry with them.* (The ceremonies may then be concluded by the benediction. But if the ordination was performed in a church to which he is called, the presiding minister shall proceed, without any interruption, with the ceremonies of installation.)

CHAPTER XX.

INSTALLATION.

I. He shall then propose to the minister just ordained this question: viz. Are you willing to take charge of this congregation, and do you promise, by the grace of God, faithfully to discharge the duties of a Christian pastor to them.

II. This question being answered in the affirmative, the President shall ask the congregation:

Do you desire to receive ——— as the regular pastor of your church, (or churches,) to which you have given him a call? And do you promise faithfully to discharge towards him the duties which a Christian congregation owe to their pastor?

These questions being answered in the affirmative, the presiding minister shall solemnly pronounce the individual installed to be the regular pastor of said charge; and conclude with the benediction.

III. If a minister already ordained is to be installed, the ceremony of installation shall be preceded by a sermon, on the relation between a minister and the people of his charge, or on some other suitable subject, by a person previously appointed. The minister shall then be formally installed, according to § 1, 2, after which, a charge may be delivered by a minister previously appointed, to the pastor and his people on their respective duties, and the whole be closed with the benediction.

*Acts I. 25.

P. S. As different Synods might differ in opinion relative to matters of a minor nature, so many particulars only as are necessary to general uniformity and harmony of operation among the churches, were introduced into this Formula. Each Synod adopting this Constitution, has the power to form such by-laws as may seem proper to itself.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSTITUTION OF THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Translated from the original German copy.

JESUS CHRIST, the Supreme Head of His Church, having prescribed no entire specific directory for government and discipline, and every section of his church being left at full liberty to make such regulations to that effect, as may be most adapted to its situation and circumstances, therefore—Relying upon God our Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, under the guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit in the Word of God, for the promotion of the practice of brotherly love, to the furtherance of Christian concord, to the firm establishment and continuance of the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—We, the Deputies of the "German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States," of the "German and English Evangelical Lutheran Synod in the State of North Carolina and the bordering States," of the "Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium in the State of New-York, and the neighbouring States and Countries," and of the "Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Maryland and Virginia, &c." for ourselves and our successors, do adopt the following fundamental articles: viz.

ARTICLE I.

The name, style, and title of this Convention shall be: "*The Evangelical Lutheran General Synod of the United States of North America.*"

ARTICLE II.

This General Synod shall consist of the Deputies from the several Evangelical Lutheran Synodical Conventions in the United States, who may join themselves thereunto, and be duly acknowledged as members thereof, in the following ratio, namely:

Every Synodal body, or Synod (whether of Ministers only, or of Ministers and Lay Deputies together) containing six Ministers, may send one; if it contain fourteen, two; if twenty-five, three; if forty, four; if sixty, five; and if it contain eighty-six Ministers or upwards, six Deputies of the rank of ordained Ministers and an equal number of Lay Deputies.

Each Deputy, appearing in the General Synod according to this ratio, shall, except as is hereinafter provided, enjoy an equal right and vote with all others. Every Synod may choose its Deputies in such a way and manner as to them may seem proper; and shall pay the travelling expenses of the same to and from the General Synod, until the General Synod shall have established for itself a treasury from which the future expenses may be discharged.

ARTICLE III.

The business of the General Synod shall be as follows, namely:

SECTION I. The General Synod shall examine the proceedings of the several Synods and Ministeriums belonging to this association, in order that they may obtain some knowledge of the existing state and condition of the Church. The several Synods, therefore, shall transmit as many copies of their proceedings to the General Synod, as there shall be members contained in the General Synod.

SECTION II With regard to all *Books* and *Writings* proposed for public use in the church, the General Synod shall act as a joint committee of the special Synods and Ministeriums, after the following manner: viz.

1. The General Synod shall examine all books and writings, such as catechisms, forms of liturgy, collections of hymns, or confessions of faith, proposed by the special Synods for public use, and give their well considered advice, counsel, or opinion concerning the same. No Synod, therefore, and no Ministerium, standing in connexion with this General Synod, shall set forth any new book or writing of the kind above mentioned, for public use in the church, without having previously transmitted a full and complete copy thereof to the General Synod, for the purpose of receiving their said advice, counsel or opinion.

2. Whenever the General Synod shall deem it proper or necessary, they may propose to the special Synods or Ministeriums, new books or writings of the kind mentioned above, for general or special public use. Every proposal of the kind, the several or respective Synods and Ministeriums shall duly consider, and if they, or any one of them, shall be of opinion, that the said book or books, writing or writings, will not conduce to the end proposed, then, and in such a case, it is hoped, that the reasons of such opinion will be transmitted to the next convention of the General Synod, in order that the same may be entered on the journal.

3. But no General Synod can be allowed to possess, or arrogate unto itself, "the power of *prescribing* among us *uniform ceremonies of religion* for every part of the Church;" or to introduce such alterations in matters appertaining to the faith, or to the mode of publishing the Gospel of Jesus Christ (the Son of God, and ground of our faith and hope), as might in any way tend to burden the consciences of the brethren in Christ.

SECTION III. If hereafter twenty-five ministers,

dwelling together, within a certain marked boundary, fifteen of whom being ordained ministers, shall apply to the General Synod for permission to create within themselves a Special Ministerium, and the Synod or Ministerium to which they have previously belonged, do not, upon due notice given of their intention so to apply, make any serious or important objection, then the General Synod shall have power to grant the permission; and if within the bounds of a whole state no special Synod or Ministerium shall yet have existed, and six ordained ministers residing therein shall apply for permission to create within themselves a special Ministerium, the General Synod shall authorize the establishment of a new Synod and Ministerium, within the said state. But until the permission or authority be thus formally conceded, no Deputies of a new Synod or Ministerium shall be acknowledged to have a seat and vote in the General Synod.

SECTION IV. With regard to the grades in the Ministry, the General Synod may give to the several Ministeriums well considered advice, wherein the circumstances of time, place, and condition must be duly contemplated, and a beneficial uniformity, and actual equality, of rank among the several ministers, must, as much as possible, be had in view. The General Synod shall also advise such rules and regulations among the several Synods and Ministeriums, as may prevent unpleasant and unfriendly collisions, that might otherwise arise out of any differences of grades existing among them, or from any whatever other possible causes.

SECTION V. The General Synod shall not be looked upon as a Tribunal of Appeal; it may, however, be employed in the following cases and after the following manner:

1. The General Synod may give advice or opinion, when complaints shall be brought before them, by whole Synods, Ministeriums, Congregations, or individual Ministers, concerning doctrine or discipline. They shall however be extremely careful

that the consciences of the Ministers of the Gospel be not burdened with human inventions, laws, or devices, and that no one be oppressed by reason of differences of opinion on nonfundamental doctrines.

2. If parties, differing in matters of doctrine and discipline, refer the cause of difference, in a brotherly manner, to the General Synod, they shall institute a close and exact scrutiny and examination thereof, and give their opinion on the subject of difference, according to their best insight of right, equity, brotherly love and truth.

3. If difference between Synods be referred, the votes thereon shall be taken by Synods, and the referring Synods shall have no vote.

Section VI. The General Synod may devise plans for seminaries of education and missionary institutions, as well as for the aid of poor ministers, and the widows and orphans of poor ministers, and endeavour, with the help of God, to carry them into effect.

Section VII. The General Synod may also institute and create a treasury for the effectual advancement of its purposes.

Section VIII. The General Synod shall apply all their powers, their prayers and their means, toward the prevention of schisms among us, to be sedulously and incessantly regardful of the circumstances of the times, and of every casual rise and progress of unity of sentiment among Christians in general, in order that the blessed opportunities to promote concord and unity, and the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, may not pass by neglected and unavailing.

ARTICLE IV.

The General Synod shall choose, from among their own number, a president and a secretary; and from among their own number, or elsewhere, as soon as it may be necessary, a treasurer. They shall continue in office until the next succeeding convention. The same person is at all times re-eligible as secre-

tary or treasurer; but no one may be elected president more than two conventions in succession, and the same person cannot hereafter be elected for the two successively following conventions.

SECTION I. The President shall act as chairman of the Convention. He may make motions, give his opinion, and vote like every other member. With the consent and concurrence of the minister of the place where the convention is held, he shall appoint the several preachers during the convention. He shall subscribe all letters, written advices, resolutions, and the proceedings of the Synod. In extraordinary cases, and by request of any one of the acknowledged Synods, made known to him in the form of a Synodical or Ministerial resolution, he may call together special conventions of the General Synod. In case the business of the secretary become too burdensome for one person to execute, he shall, with the concurrence of the Secretary, appoint an assistant Secretary, and make known to him what portion of the labours he ought to undertake.

SECTION II. The Secretary shall keep a journal of the proceedings, write, attest, and take care of all the documents and writings, make known the time and place of the convention, by the medium of the public prints, at least three months beforehand, and, in the special or extraordinary cases mentioned in the foregoing section, he shall give written notice thereof to each of the special Synods or Ministeriums.

SECTION III. If the President or Secretary, in the intermediate time between the conventions, depart this life, resign his office, or become incapable of executing the same, the next in office shall take his place and perform his duties; if it be the Treasurer, then the President shall appoint another Treasurer *ad interim* in his stead.

SECTION IV. The Treasurer shall keep account of the receipts and expenditures of the Synod. He shall give receipts for all moneys put into his hands. He shall not pay any money out of his hands but by order of the President, attested by the Secretary, in

pursuance of a resolution of the Synod to that effect. At every convention of the Synod he shall render account.

ARTICLE V.

The course of business shall be conducted as follows: viz.

1. The Deputies shall give personal notice of their arrival to the minister of the place, or if the congregation be vacant of a minister, to any other person appointed by the congregration for the purpose, who shall make known to them their place of residence and the place where the sessions shall be held.

2. At nine o'clock in the forenoon of the first week-day of the time of convocation, the sessions shall begin and be opened with prayer.

3. The President elected by the former convention shall act as chairman till another President be chosen. In case of his absence, the persons present may, on motion made and seconded, appoint another in his stead.

4. The members shall give in to the chairman their attestations or certificates. For all the deputies from any one particular synod one certificate, signed by the President and attested by the Secretary of that synod, shall be deemed sufficient, and all the members of the same synod shall sit together.

5. If a majority of the deputies, of a majority of the Synods attached to the General Synod, be present, the business shall go on. If this proportion be lacking, the members present may from time to time postpone the sessions of the convention.

6. The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected by ballot, on the first day of the sessions, and so soon as the members shall have given in their certificates.

7. The proceedings of the former convention shall be read by the Secretary.

8. Hereupon follow the several portions of business according to article 3d, section for section.

9. Now other mixed motions may be made, concerning the subjects already discussed, or any other matters that may occur.

10. In conclusion, the General Synod shall appoint, by ballot, the time and place of the next convention, observing at all times, however, that one convention at least, be held every three years.

ARTICLE VI.

The General Synod may make whatever by-laws they may deem necessary, provided only, that the said by-laws do not contradict the spirit of the constitution.

ARTICLE VII.

No alterations of this constitution may be made except by the consent of two-thirds of the Synods attached to this convention; notice of the intended alteration having been given to the said Synods at least two years previous to the final adoption thereof.

Signed October 24th, in the year of our Lord 1820.

J. G. SCHMUCKER,
GEO. LOCHMAN,
CHRISTIAN ENDRESS,
F. W. GEISSENHAINER,
H. A. MUHLENBERG,
CHR. KUNKEL,
WM. HENSEL,
PETER STICHTER,
} Of Pennsylvania.

PH. F. MAYER,
F. C. SCHÆFFER,
} Of New York.

GOTTL. SCHOBER,
PETER SCHMUCKER,
} Of North Carolina.

DANIEL KURTZ,
D. F. SCHÆFFER,
GEO. SCHRYOCK,
} Of Maryland.